VOL. XVIII
NO. 5

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
SEPT.

WOMAN'S WORK IN ENGLAND

by Mona Cleaver

IN days gone by there have been women warriors like Boadicea and Joan of Arc. There have been ladies who, in absence of lord and master, have successfully defended feudal halls against warlike or piratical attack. But these have never occurred in sufficient numbers to disturb the popular and pathetic picture of fair hands wont to wield the distaff put to the picturesquely incongruous but all too frequent task of buckling on the armour of their knights. It was a tender and touching picture significant of the little that women might do for their country and showing even that little to be a concession to womankind rather than a need of mankind. Men could quite easily have fastened on their own coats of mail but it was a pretty thing to see white fingers struggling with refractory steel and a tear, perhaps, trembling under downcast lashes. Besides, it gave the dear ladies a feeling that they were being useful but, of course, it was a service of no real value to either the individual or the state.

Nurse, knitter, lift-girl, patrol, ammunition-worker—the women of England, with or without pay-checks, are backing up the war-game. And they're making good all along the line.

To-day it is quite different. Women are buckling on the armour of a nation. They are reaching the chains and clasps that man has not hands enough nor ingenuity enough to manage by himself. They are sacrificing everything, co-operating everywhere and initiating works of help and comfort that the mind of man would never have compassed. They are rearing warriors as their foremothers did and sending them forth with equal courage and grace, but, in addition, they are fighting at home for the material and moral safety of their men, for their equipment and their comfort and encouragement, and, at the front, under the very roar of the artillery and noise of bursting shells, they are fighting, in the hospitals, for their lives.

So much of this work is centralized in Great Britain, and especially in London that one may there, perhaps, gain the fullest knowledge of its scope and significance. It is here that the long lines of effort, stretching out in all directions and for all distances, are gathered together in capable hands to be bound into one or used separately for the best service of the nation. And in the work that women have undertaken it is remarkable how few are the records of blunder, failure and scandal. Methods of organization have been quieter, the sifting of needs swifter, the gauging of the proportionate strength of claims more accurate and the supplying of demands more direct than anyone would have dared hope from an untried section of the community attacking a problem of new dimensions and complexities.

Notable, too, is the way in which every woman's capabilities have been put to use. From the woman with power as an organizer and influence among women to the little stay-at-home who doesn't even carry her knitting to a neighbor's, it is doubtful if any woman could prove to the satisfaction of, say the National Union of Women Workers, that she was not competent for some branch of war work of which they had plenty to give her. There are dozens of things she may do at her own fireside and there are hundreds of centres where she may spend her spare hours in making dressings for wounded soldiers or woolly jackets for "war babies." A Canadian lady living in London spoke of going regularly to one of these centres and I asked her:

"Under what organization do you work?"

"Really, I don't know whether there is any organization or not," she said. "A great many women go there every day to do anything that is needed. There is always work ready for them and they haven't any of the planning to bother about."

"And what is needed now, particularly?" I asked.

"Cases for respirators," she answered. "We've made thousands of them, there. Some women sew up seams, some put on bindings or the tapes to hang them round the soldier's neck and I've done nothing but sew on dome fasteners."

In this way do the women work to meet emergency calls. And those who cannot afford to give their time, work, nevertheless, in factory and office, with an added enthusiasm which no money could buy.

The settlement worker finds her hands full with

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the war babies who are coming or have come, the mothers of whom need care and their children a fair start in life. The refugees form another big new problem and the little new problems that arise are innumerable.

The woman who can do housework or home nursing and who will do it well and conscientiously finds ample scope for her talents in military or private hospitals and convalescent homes.

The trained nurse has, of course, quite unparalleled opportunities for service and has proved herself worthy of them. The courage and endurance shown by nurses in face of the dangers, emergencies and almost ceaseless work at the front has seemed frequently to be almost superhuman. One nurse told me of the situation in which she had found herself in Belgium, earlier in the war. She was one of the staff of two nurses and an orderly in a hospital hastily established in a vacated house. The equipment of the institution consisted of the ordinary furnishings of the house, a very small quantity of lint, a two ounce bottle of Tincture of Iodine and a large supply of Sunlight Soap.

"Shells were whistling over our heads constantly," the nurse said, "and we knew that any moment might bring swift oblivion or something much worse."

That the particular moment had arrived they felt sure when, in the middle of the night, a vigorous pounding was begun on the front door accompanied by loud imprecations uttered in German. It seemed just as wise to unlock the door as to have it broken in, which momentarily threatened, so it was opened and a uniformed German announced that he had several hundred wounded to dispose of and demanded how many they could take.

The nurse, a tiny, fair-haired slip of a thing, mentally summed up her resources in lint and iodine. Against these she weighed the thought of horrid wounds that would soon begin to fester; of what mere cleanliness would do for a fresh wound that drastic measures could not accomplish a few hours later; of the hasty, blood-stained bandages put on at dressing-stations and now sorely irking poor aching limbs and battered heads; of a jolting journey onward to the next hospital—but this only took a moment to flash through her mind and it was enough. The big German hadn't even had time to grow more impatient when she answered, crisply.

"Fifty."

So the fifty were bundled in. Every improvisation of bed and dressing was resorted to. The iodine was diluted to the —nth degree and Sunlight Soap never did such service before.

All through the night the staff of three kept at it and next day came the surgeon on inspection.

"Remarkably clean wounds," he grunted, "remarkably clean. How did you do it?"

"Sunlight soap," was the laconic reply.

But this is just one instance of the courage and devotion and resourcefulness demanded of the nurses at the front, and of the way they rise to that demand.

As far as possible the very serious cases are taken to hospitals well removed from the firing line so that a hasty change in the battle front may not necessitate their removal. So the nurses in the farther hospitals have their share, too, of the hard work and tests of skill and devotion.

Great Britain with her dominions and the United States have been called upon to do a large part of the nursing of the wounded of all the Allied armies, for in these countries the graduate nurse has reached a standard of numbers and efficiency which few other countries can approach, certainly not France. It is a privilege for the training schools of Britain and America to be able to supply to the Allies this great source of power. That it is regarded as a definite factor in military operations and not only as a matter of justice and humanity is evidenced by the fact that Lord Kitchener is reported to have refused to commence a definite spring movement in France until 70,000 hospital beds were guaranteed to him.

And not only are the hospitals equipped with women nurses but for many of them women have supplied the money, the brains and the organization. The Scottish suffragists have sent out several complete hospital units financed by women and with women filling every post from medical superintendent to orderly.

Knitting socks, making "hussufs" and nursing the sick seem, of course, to be obviously woman's work but woman has entered without a protest into many a field where she was never before welcome. On the public platform the government has been glad of the eloquence of Miss Pankurst and its power to bring recruits. In various trades women are learning to take the place of men and as policewomen and patrols they are demonstrating the possibilities of diplomacy and arbitration in contra-distinction to force.

And not only has the new spirit in women's work invaded every field of activity but also every walk in life. Many titled women are devoting themselves to hospital work and to the very practical work of running coffee houses and restaurants for the soldiers in France, while their sisters at home assume the duties of sending them constant supplies for their enterprises. Women of rank have been willing, too, to devote themselves to quite menial tasks as well as the more imposing ones. Lady Markham, wife of Sir Arthur Markham, who gave his beautiful home at Beechborough Park for the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital devotes herself to the housekeeping problems of that institution and is indefatigable in considering the well-being of the nurses and the training of the Voluntary Aid Detachment, familiarly known as "V. A. D's." Lady Markham may be seen any day in her white head-dress, white uniform and apron, not only superintending but herself doing the actual work of house-cleaning a store-room or demonstrating to a new "V. A. D." the proper way to brush a grate. And, in her few hours of rest Lady Markham seeks a modest little bedroom under the eaves, which is all the space she has reserved for herself in her beautiful country home.

From the Queen to the poorest woman everyone has a hand in war activities. The Queen's birthday, on May the 26th, drew forth many a word of appreciation of her sacrifices. Not only has she contributed money, not only has she given one son to the army and another to the navy, but she has shown the utmost enthusiasm for and devotion to the work of caring for the soldiers both in the field and in hospitals and of alleviating other distresses incident to the war. The Queen has given much pleasure by her visits to the wounded and it was on her thoughtful suggestion that, whenever possible, wounded soldiers are sent to convalesce in hospitals near to their own homes. The two organizations which come most directly under the Queen's personal supervision are Queen Mary's Needlework Guild and the Queen's Work for Women Fund. Through the latter, women and girls have learned to excel in many unaccustomed trades.

In a speech delivered at Newcastle Mr. Asquith spoke most highly of the work done by women in ammunition factories. In one alone between three and four thousand women were engaged in the manufacture of shells.

"In the making of the fuse," he said, "in some ways the most important part of the shell, female labour is just as good, and I am not sure that it is not a little better, than the labour of men.

"When I saw all these women engaged in this, to most of them, absolutely novel occupation, I asked whence they had been recruited, and I was told that some had been milliners, dressmakers, waitresses, barmaids, domestic servants—in fact there is not

a single branch of normal female industry which has not been drawn upon for the making of shells."

From other sources one learns that a great many women who have formerly done no work have volunteered for armament work. Perhaps it is because this is so very definitely and directly war work that so many of the well over 60,000 women who have registered for service have asked to be employed in this branch of it. Clerical and agricultural employments come next in order of choice.

The Board of Trade has undertaken various schemes for the training of women in agriculture and they show great enthusiasm and aptitude in learning all that pertains to stock feeding, dairying and the like. About thirty-six women had some months ago been placed on farms, chiefly near their own homes, to minimize the housing problem, and they show every promise of being able to fulfil all the tasks a man might be called upon to do.

Footmen, porters, elevator boys and pages are constantly being replaced by women and girls. In Bath I found the big elevator in the station run by a young woman of pleasantly business-like mien who punched my ticket and was about to show me gently out onto the platform when I stopped and spoke to her about her new occupation.

"Sometimes I go on the train to examine the tickets too," she told me, with quite forgiveable pride. "Oh yes, it is a little hard at first but one soon learns how to answer all the questions. Numbers of women are doing this work now. The elevator on the 'up' platform is run by a woman, too, and at some of the stations they have women porters."

Women ticket collectors on the underground railways seem to be a great success, too.

As to elevator girls, one big department store at least, in London, has a complete staff of them. They wear costumes of pretty blue drill with an initial in white on each point of the collar. They were most courteous and obviously more helpful than men in listening to and answering the queries of tired shoppers as to just where to go for skirt binding or the latest thing in collar supports. It is said, too, that their superior tact and accuracy of instruction often saves the store a customer.

But, alas, with all their superior qualities the women receive inferior pay. A lift man was paid 22 shillings a week and a lift woman gets only 15 shillings.

At an hotel in Harrogate a visitor expressed herself as "surprised to find the place not all gloom and gout, and that there are even flappers there. Youth certainly is making its presence felt, for in one well-known hotel there have been installed a page-girl and a lift-girl in neat blue uniforms, a wealth of brass buttons, and peaked caps."

If one attempted to go into detail as to the number of organizations of women, and men and women together, which are devoting themselves to the needs of their fellow creatures and their country at this crisis, one might fill volumes, but of the women's organizations a very representative and comprehensive one is the National Union of Women Workers with which 155 societies of national importance are affiliated and whose governing body is the National Council. The Queen is the patroness, Mrs. Creighton the president, and on the list of officers appear many names familiar to women who have long been engaged in work for humanity. Among these names are those of the Countess of Aberdeen, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, LL.D., president of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and Lady Henry Somerset, well known to temperance workers.

One of the newest and most interesting branches of the work is that done by the Women's Patrol Committee. Miss Norah E. Green, the capable and enthusiastic secretary of the Union, put the object of this work very clearly in a sentence.

"When the war broke out many girls between fourteen and sixteen lost their heads completely and to make friends with these girls and help them not to hinder the men is the object of the Patrols."

There are now over 2,000 voluntary workers in the movement and as these have become trained it has been possible to reduce the number of paid organizers. The work is carried on in the vicinity of military camps where a friendly sympathy is shown towards girls who act foolishly, and legitimate places of wholesome recreation for the

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THIS IS ONLY ONE EVIDENCE OF HOW WOMEN HAVE RISEN TO THE NEED OF THE MOMENT AND IN WHAT A PRACTICAL AND DIRECT WAY THEY HAVE SET ABOUT TO FULFILL IT

An Eight Days' Rain

By Nan Moulton

Author of "And Everywhere That Mary Went," "Colonel Steele," etc.

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

DENNIS LANE, mere-cat cuddled under one a-m, blinking owl tucked in the other, stood in the door of the hospital marquee and grinned welcome-wise at all the world. Dennis was very long and very lean after weeks' sojourning with enteric and his freckles were of a paler radiance than in the days when he clambered over bad old kopjes, the youngest and shiniest lieutenant in the Queenshire Fusiliers. But neither kopjes nor bullets nor enteric could take the heart out of Dennis Lane's Irish-Australian smile.

Doc. Raydon, glooming up from the Super's house of corrugated iron, feeling "phutt" and carefully nursing a matutinal hump that was still actively humping at eleven on a July morning on the veldt, halted in the rays of that smile and presently warmed into speech.

"Hello, Denny!" he grumped. "How's the Flower of the Queenshires?"

"Right as rain, Doc. and crazy to discover the world all over again. Called at the Teachers' Quarters yesterday. Shook a bit, you know, and spilled some beastly soup or milk or something hygenic like that on my bib, didn't you, Old Dear?"

He waved his resentful mere-cat at Sister Daunt as she came from the Orphanage Tent, bearing by the hand Little Swanipool, deliciously shy and proud and podgy in his first trousers.

"Here you are!" She greeted Denny with a pat. "He's like a baby learning to walk," she told Doc. Raydon. "Loney-proudy, Denny!" she coaxed. And Denny, with a big, shaky laugh, disastrously mixed up his owl and his mere-cat under one arm and caught her motherly waist in the other with a big, shaky hug.

"She's just the God-lovin'est Old Thing!" he beamed at Doc. Raydon. And Sister Daunt shook her tired, sweet old head at him and gathered up her orphan to depart.

"Do all you like to-day, Denny," she told him. "Come home when you're tired."

"'The world is so full of a number of things'" laughed Dennis. "What'll I do first, Doc? What's the Camp doing this morning?"

"Practising hockey mostly. There's a game on with the Mounted Infantry later in the day. Come on up and watch."

"Right-O! Let's take Hylbrecht, too. O Hylbrecht!"

And Hylbrecht stood shy and quiet in the opening of the marquee and lifted questioning brown eyes under the shadow of her big white cappie. Hylbrecht sheltered so under that cappie that the fires smouldering behind the soft dusk of her big eyes went almost unsuspected. But no cappie, however voluminous and frilled, could dim the warm vivid bloom on her brown cheek. And in the centre of the petalled starchiness, her mouth flamed like a scarlet bud when a white mist sways and drops and lifts again. Seventeen is ripe on the veldt, and Hylbrecht's round little figure left no doubt of a Hollander ancestry. Some soft sedate grace of manner came from a Huguenot great-grandmother Francoise, who had long ago bravely trekked away from her people and across the Vaal with big Jan Prinsloo in his *nachtmaal* waggon into wide sun-washed spaces and saffron-and-crimson sunsets and purple evening distances and big black nights full of swinging stars. Poor little Hylbrecht! The soul of a voor-trekker and a faint inheritance of Gallic grace, the sun and swoon and primitiveness of the veldt, the baptism of the war, the glow and stir of her own warm young life, cappie and handschoen and veldt-schoen of all the Boer women, inarticulate soul,—who could be articulate in the Taal?—lovely and blind before a swift-running life! Poor little Hylbrecht!

Hylbrecht couldn't go to the hockey-practice. Doc. Raydon's cynical smile wried down a corner of his ugly mouth as he listened to Denny's beguilingness and watched the slow untangling of Hylbrecht's lashes as she explained in her soft shy voice in the limited Taal and her bit of broken English that she had to go "by de dorp" for Sister Tanke. Denny never found out whether Tanke was the Sister's real name or not. "Tooth," it meant, and was too heavenly appropriate to be quite real. When Sister Tanke spoke, far be it from any little Dutch probationer at the Camp hospital to do aught but obey. Denny knew that, but he was spoiled, and it was good to be a man again, and alive, and to make Hylbrecht's lashes uncurl in protest. So he teased on while Doc. Raydon hummed softly across his hateful smile:

"Girl of the red mouth,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the red mouth,
Love me!
'Tis by its curve I know,
Love fashioneth his bow,"

And then suddenly Hylbrecht had

slipped inside the marquee with Denny's careless, caressing finger-touch warm along her glowing cheek; and the two men faced up the camp to where hockey held high carnival in the winter sun. The whistle shrilled for "Sticks" just as Denny and the Doc. stumbled on Tommy and Sprinkon (meaning 'grasshopper') who lay on their brown little tummies by the donga that bordered the hockey field above the Concentration Camp. Tommy and Sprinkon were the two picannins who played page and valet for the Super and the P. M. O., respectively, who "dug" together in the usual Camp house of corrugated iron with a shaded stoop back and front and a bit garden picked out in white stones. Tommy grinned impudently up at Doc. Raydon and Doc. Raydon grinned back with a more matured and tireder insolence.

"Boots, Tommy ?" he mocked.

"Ikona !" flashed Tommy in a tone that invited tribulation, but Doc. Raydon was telling Denny the story.

"It was yesterday. The Super had left a pair of riding-boots to be cleaned and ready for him when he came down from the match. It was a mad game. Tommy waved ecstatic heels from the edge of the donga and his sporty little black soul was too full of the joy of hockey to remember the pain of cleaning boots. But the Camp lost and the Super is a man of wrath at the best of times. Back at the house, the sjambok was raised and the Super advanced with deliberate and vengeful tread to the corner where the sporty but forgetful Tommy had fled. Suddenly a whistle sounded and an inspired Tommy shrieked 'Sticks, baas !' and escaped with the boots while the sjambok dropped and the Super subsided in helpless amusement.

"And did you hear about Colonel Tulloch ? No ? He called on an afternoon when the Super and the P. M. O. were out. But Sprinkon appeared in the mess-room with tray, bottle, siphon, glasses, all the essentials of bachelor hospitality, and advised the Colonel in an off-hand manner suggestive of years of bon camarade to have a whiskey-and-soda. On hearing the story later from the delighted Colonel, the P. M. O. said his only surprise was that Sprinkon had not sat down and had one himself with the Colonel."

Denny was so beautifully receptive and radiant as an audience that Doc. Raydon bit along with the gossip of the Camp.

"Look at Bluebeard limping !" he commented. Bluebeard was the Dutch parson, the reason for his nickname obvious to him who ran. "The teachers call him 'Father' Trink. He's so leaden and evangelical and placatory, that little Canadian one says. She 'thwacked' him yesterday. 'He's always off-side and among my feet and twisted round my stick,' she explained to me in a breezy aside. I like her for the way she shocks the conventional British school-ma'ams over there. I went over Sunday with a fishing-fly in the front of my hat. 'What are you doing with that *bug* in your hat ?' she demanded with charming directness. 'Bug !' Heavens ! An awful hush fell over the afternoon tea. Someone took her aside and reasoned with her. Her fresh, clear voice came back to the stoop in protest. It's an odd voice, not nasal, but so utterly un-English—it somehow makes me think of a pine-tree. 'I can't help your old English bugs,' she protested, 'in Canada a bug is any decent insect and just as respectable in print as a spider or an armadillo. In another minute I'll go out and say 'bloody.' "

For the first time the Doc's gloating crow joined Denny's chuckle. Then his malevolent eye lighted on Mrs. Lant, the fat wife of the fatter Camp chemist, as she panted after a skipping puck, and his crow mounted.

"For the love of God, look at that

Poor little Hylbrecht, with the baptism of war in the glow and stir of her own young life

woman against the wind! Isn't she the old robin! A curve, a tail, and a beak—all on a stick—we used to draw 'em on our slates at school."

Denny turned on him in reproof, but the likeness was so absurdly manifest and comic as Mrs. Lant's straw hat and tatty skirt and adipose and trailing stick floated against the blue sky that he grinned again widely and his freckles beamed with wicked glee in his thin, droll face. And the Doc. was getting into his stride.

"What do you suppose Lant told me last night? The Lants had a dinner-party; that little Cheltenham girl had a plum-pudding from home and a box of dipped almonds, and Mrs. Lant builded a feast thereon. A couple of the nurses were there and those two noisy Derbyshire girls and prim little Cheltenham, of course, and the Maple Leaf and the Staff Meds. and the Super and Turner. You know Turner, don't you, the Assistant Super? You know everybody, you confounded political candidate! If you know Turner, 'nough said. That ass Lant said to me after everybody had gone, said it in an admiring, awed tone, too—'Turner, you know, has a profound knowledge of the Scriptures.' 'Knowledge of the Scriptures!' quo' I, 'All Turner knows about the Bible is stories about Potiphar's wife and profound ladies like that.'"

"You've a tongue on you like sulphuric acid, Doc," frowned Denny, the creeping shadow of the other's mood falling across the brightness of his day. "What the devil's the matter with you? Did Lant give you to drink of his blue and green drugs? Are you looking through many glasses darkly?"

"It isn't my eyes." The wried smile dropped on Denny's frown. "I've a gad-sake taste in my mouth."

Denny's grin dawned again at the whimsy, "Any relation to dark-brown?"

"No comparison, infinitely worse," the Doc. assured him. "It was that blighted English pudding from Cheltenham and Lant's jokes. But it's half-time now and the female portion of the hockey-match are coming to embrace you. Flee, while yet you're convalescent!"

Catch Denny fleeing from either adulation or woman! Denny loved every inch of the old earth that morning and every woman-creature in it every morning, and the big soldierly men bearing down on him and the little Kaffirs on the edge of the donga and the dapper little doctor with one lung; and didn't every one always love Denny with his beamy freckles and the Irish core of that wide cajoling grin? Sister Leary of Siege of Kimberley fame arrived in middle-aged decorum and thoughtfulness with a camp-chair into which she p'umped down the long, lean, excited boy. The burnished hair of slim Sister Rowland had fallen in waves of glory to her knees, she was a zealous half-back. Denny buried his thin face in the glory unrebuked. The hands he wasn't holding he was kissing. The men thumped him on his lean shoulders when they got a chance, when they didn't, they threatened him with hockey-sticks. Even Sister Tanke ruffled his tousled un-military-looking hair.

"Not up to regulations, Denny," she reproved.

"Call to-morrow," promised Dennis.

The Canadian girl leaned on her hockey-stick and looked at him comradely from under her tam.

"My kid brother says it's great to be crazy," she volunteered, "but it seems to me you'd say it's great to be sick."

"No, Maple Leaf," he corrected, "it's great to be better."

"You win, Corn Stalk," she agreed. "It's greater when you can play hockey. Rather be a goal-keeper, Denny, on the Doornkop veldt than—Game's on again. See you later."

"God bless everybody!" said Denny devoutly as they all flowed back to the combat.

"And make Denny a good boy! Amen!" added Doc. Raydon gravely. "You know, Denny, there's something wrong with you. You're *too* popular. There's a slack fibre or a weak link or a punk spot somewhere. For a real man, you're just too damn rotten popular."

"You're plain jealous, Doc.," jeered Denny, stretching lazy arms to the limitless sky, "and your eye *is* jaundiced. Get that gad-sake stuff out of your system. Why Doc.,"—Denny stood up and faced down towards the Camp—"Why Doc., look at all that and be glad! They're alive, man, alive, alive, alive!" His voice mounted in a chant as he turned Raydon about to where hundreds of tents gleamed white in the naked July sun, and sinister old vrows in their black cappies bent over their braziers, and little Coetze shambled round and round the drill-tent playing "Rooinek," and a group of ragged prisoners-of-war just back from Bermuda dismounted stiffly from trolleys, and a scarlet-caped nursing sister started for the dorp in a Cape-cart, and two small Kaffirs hunted for cigarette stubs at the back of the bachelors' quarters, and sun and smoke and song and sullenness and movement and brooding flowed on together to the sleepy brown veldt below.

"God, but it's good!" Denny bared his tumbled, brown young head. "I thought—I thought—once, you see,—that they were all gone. And never again me nor youth nor my soldier-boys nor the wattles back home nor—nor my blessed old Irish grandmother. And then one day I came up, up out of the black; silly and weak and shaky at first and tears coming sudden as a girl's, but alive, Doc., alive. And now I'm a part of it again and it's almighty good, the klyn Kaffirs, and the July sun, and the men with their hockey-sticks, and Brother Boer, and strength creeping down into shaky legs, and a smoke at bed-time, and this bare old Camp, and little old dusty Doornkop down there with a blush of peach-bloom coming over her and the Shropshires playing in the Square in the afternoon—I'm going down to-day—and that lovely, little Hylbrecht, all warm and soft and dusky—what's that infernal thing you're whistling? You've been whistling it all morning, Doc., bad luck to you!"

And Doc. Raydon's wicked, wried smile twisted again across his mocking music—

"—'Tis by its curve, I know,
Love fashioneth his bow,
And bends it—ah, even so!
Oh, girl of the red mouth,
Love me!"

II

When wars are done, women get back their men. Not their actual presences always, just at first, for War Departments are particular about everything-done-in-order; but men's thoughts go woman-ward, one-woman-ward usually, and an ache deepens in their throats and their eyes brood. In the little block-house half-way between the Concentration Camp and Doornkop, the three Tommies had done every mortal last thing there was to do, even to an eminently satisfactory and comprehensive washing hanging on the barbed-wire at the back. Every stone was white-washed, every shirt mended, and Departments and Boers alike cursed with exceeding thoroughness. They sat now in the late July afternoon in indolent converse, wistful, and weary of block-house inaction, and, as the mists crept up from the river, one by one their strangling thoughts choked into speech of woman. Into their confidences rode Sergeant Leroy of the Constabulary. Sergeant Leroy was "fed up." When the Canadian Mounted Rifles, in which he had held a commission, had gone back home, Leroy had snatched at a post in the South African Constabulary as being the nearest thing just then to active service. Later on, the Mad Mullah might stir up something. But active service! What price active service? Hadn't he just been filling out a "Locust Report?" One locust had passed the S. A. C. camp yesterday in an easterly direction, didn't stay to specify his sort. What were the fellows all

He swung her round by her shoulders and so held her in the quiet space before the hospital tent

talking about when he came along? Bit by bit he heard. Had he never been engaged? Well, he guessed! It was at Halifax where the Canadian Mounted Rifles had stayed a while before leaving. Didn't they have the time of their young lives? Weren't the girls crazy about them, begging buttons, badges, Gee! And she was a peach, the girl he was engaged to when the troop-ship cleared the docks through cheers and tears. He wrote when he could and got her letters when the mail-trains weren't blown up. At Christmas he had sent her the dandiest box of war-souvenirs he had begged and bought and bullied from every man he met; and at Christmas, getting mail for the first time in many weeks, he broke open the seal of her letter with fingers that trembled from the beating of his heart and—there was another man she cared for more, her ring was in the letter. "It was a bit of a jar," said Sergeant Leroy and shrugged a shoulder.

Around the block-house came the voice of Abraham de Beer refuting the learning that had been added unto him that morning in his school-marquee. Hylbrecht had taken Anna Swart with her down to the dorp and, meeting Paddy Mahone and Abraham at the stepping-stones, they had all come along together. The point at issue was the diurnal motion of the earth. Abraham was vehemently denying the new doctrine.

"See, Hylbrecht," he appealed. "I stand so—I *do not* move—de eart' he do not move—Né!"

Hylbrecht looked puzzled. If Abraham's English teacher said so, the earth must move. Hylbrecht had never thought about the earth that way, but Hylbrecht believed in the Camp teachers. Still, Abraham with his truculent little body and eager flushed face was not moving. Ach, to learn was very heavy! It was only relief from mental strain that flashed into Hylbrecht's worried warm face when Sergeant Leroy rode round the block-house, swung out of the saddle and saluted with something all alight in his wholesome, plain face. But the flash banished all the locust ennui and set to pounding pulses that had pounded before under the stir of Hylbrecht's shaded eyes. When he started up the slope with them, Hylbrecht frowned, but the smallest Tommy spoke to the others saying—"Bit o' a jar—Garn! That jar 'in't jarrin' so bleedin' bad." And they went to heat yet another tin of Machonachies for supper.

"How is Khaki?" inquired Sergeant Leroy, stooping to pat the head of the yellow mongrel chasing at Hylbrecht's heels.

"Hees tail—eet ees long," scorned Hylbrecht. "Voetzak!" she stamped a petulant foot at the slinking Khaki. Leroy looked hurt. Khaki had been his gift to Hylbrecht. She used to carry the little, yellow wabbling ball warm in her arms and croon over it.

Anna Swart had caught Hylbrecht's hand and was whispering to her, "Ees eet de Capeeten?" "Ja Anna," said Hylbrecht, "You must not talk."

Anna Swart was excited. Anna was twelve and loved Hylbrecht and Hylbrecht had whispered to her of an Adventure and a hero, a story of stepping stones and a risen river and dusk, and a slipping of hurrying veldtschoen, and of a big broad-shouldered man who carried a wet little probationer up to the Camp Hospital, a dripping probationer with little breath and her rose of a mouth paled and drooped with sobbing, and the starch out of her flapping cappie. When he had come again to inquire, the glowing real Hylbrecht and her shy thanks sent him away thinking of poppjes; he had never before thought of poppies. Then he had brought her a yellow, tumbling lump of a puppie whom she had evidently adored in her shy, sweet, wordless way. He rode in to the nurses with fresh meat sometimes after that and lettuce from the thrifty garden of the Constabulary and once a dark red rose for Hylbrecht, a rose that had bloomed one early morning along the south wall of the Resident Magistrate's bungalow before the R. M. was awake.

Anna approved of him.

"Je ees not Engels?" to make sure.

"Canadian," he assured her, and all was well.

She tucked her other hand in his and the boys crowded in close in eager discussion of the prisoners home that morning from Bermuda, and so on to the still-shadowing war.

"De Boers ees slim," said Abraham, "De khakis dey stand on *one* hill—so—and shoot. De Boers, dey stay, yust *some*, above a kopje an' de khakis see dem an' vatch, an' den, de udder Boers, Meester, dey creep down de hill an' around an' up after, an' de khakis turn—queek!—an'—dere—ees Boers all around an' dey shoots de khakis. De Boer ees slim—de khakis ees *not*." And Abraham, who had been pointing out positions and indicating kopjes and lines of march with expressive gesture, folded his arms across a chest swollen with pride. Leroy, watching Hylbrecht's sullen pretty

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The Independence of Canada

By Britton B. Cooke

WITH tempers sharpened by the long hot journey eastward from Calgary in the smoking compartment of the train two travellers—Hebrews—discovered an argument. One was short, cynical and American; he carried "men's wear out of Chicago." The other was tall, good-natured and Canadian: he carried "a line of ladies' ready-made clothes out of Toronto." Friendship, like the pinochle they had been playing on the bottom of the American's upturned imitation-seal club-bag, had worn through.

"Hmph!" the American sneered, after a long gaze out the window, "you think this—" nodding at the prairie, "is a *great* country!"

"What?" cried the other, slowly and with surprise.

"You think this is a great country—Canada?"

"Well—Ain't it?"

"Hmph!"

"Ain't you sold more suspenders in Alberta than the whole of your firm sells in Idaho and Montana together Lou-ee Bumerglim?"

"That's not the way I judge if it is a great country—by suspenders, Willie Rubinsky! Indeed not. I judge—" with a flourish of one hand, "I judge by your independence. Have you got a Declaration of Independence like *we* got one? Have you the complete bossship of your own business? No. You have not." He sighed after this effort.

"What you mean by a Declaration of Independence?" asked Rubinsky, slowly.

"I mean a declaration what you Canadians have the right to do your own business in your own way."

"You mean—because there's a Duke at Ottawa——"

"Na. I mean *business*. Keep your mind on *business* always Willie—and then maybe you'll get a big job offered you some day travelling for pants in New York. I mean,—what I say is; can you do your own business in your own way in Canada?"

"Certainly."

"Certainly *not*."

"What you mean?"

"Look here Willie. I met a man in Calgary in the King Edward who was telling me he could sell twenty-five thousand carcasses of beef to the Russian War office if only he lived in the United States instead of Canada."

"What you mean? You mean the Russian War office won't place the order in Canada?"

"Oh no. They already *place* the order. They say to this man—who is in the packing line—give us twenty-five thousand carcasses of beef and we will pay in Treasury notes——"

"Maybe the Treasury notes ain't any good?"

"Good as gold—but the man I am talking to cannot sell the order. For why? Because the Chicago firms got the meat trade right in their own mitts. He has to go to Chicago to see if he can't rent a good little cold storage space in some of the ocean vessels crossing the Atlantic. For why? Because Chicago packers control it—and they won't sell him any!"

Silence.

"Ya," drawled the Canadian after thought, "that's the worst of your Yankee Trusts!"

"Trusts! Maybe—but this time the Trust makes you feel it in *Canada*. Eh? Is that independence?"

"I don't know. What did the Calgary packer do with his beef then?"

"He left it on the hoof, alive. Some of it he sold to the gentile butchers around Calgary—a couple of hundred carcasses I guess—and the rest he shipped alive in freight cars to Chicago. He sold the cattle to the Chicago Trust—the same people that wouldn't sell him any cold storage."

"Oh then he was all right? He sold the order just the same?"

"Of course not just the same."

"Why not?"

"He sold them cattle *lean*,—skinny after the railway ride. He got the live-weight price only. It took Minneapolis people to fatten them—that was one profit Canada couldn't get. Then Chicago people killed them and dressed them. That was some wages Canadians didn't get. Then the Armours and the Swifts they made soap and soup-squares and lard, and fertilizer and leather out of the by-products of those cattle—and they made a profit on all of it."

"All the profit on the skinny cattle?"

"Every bit of it."

The Canadian seemed downcast then brightening he retorted.

"Ya Lou-ee—but that is only cattle. You must remember where would you Yankees be if Canada took away the pulp wood rights of your newspapers? What would you do then?"

"We would take off your rights to Pennsylvania anthracite coal."

"Ya, but supposin' we refused to sell you people nickel from the Sudbury mines—the big supply of nickel in this half of the world?"

"You don't have to let us. We own it."

"You -!" The Toronto drummer choked with rage. "You don't respect the Truth," he shouted. "You—"

"Pooh!" replied the Chicago braggart with an expressive movement of his wrist, "you argue with heat Willie. You should get you a Declaration of Independence like the United States got it—or shut up."

"Independence from what? England?"

"England! No—the United States!"

"You always were a liar," retorted the Canadian, with conviction. "Humph! Well—when you get through lying I'll beat you another thousand at pinochle. I'll beat you silly. Get your bag. Hmph! Declarations of Independences!"

The Chicago drummer fishing under the seat brought out once more the

Complete autonomy within the Empire has been the chief concern of Dominion statesmen—while a lack of autonomy in other and important respects flourishes unprotected

club bag, turned it up-side down, so that the wedge fitted down between the knees of the two card players, while the Toronto drummer, producing his pack, counted the cards. They resumed play.

II.

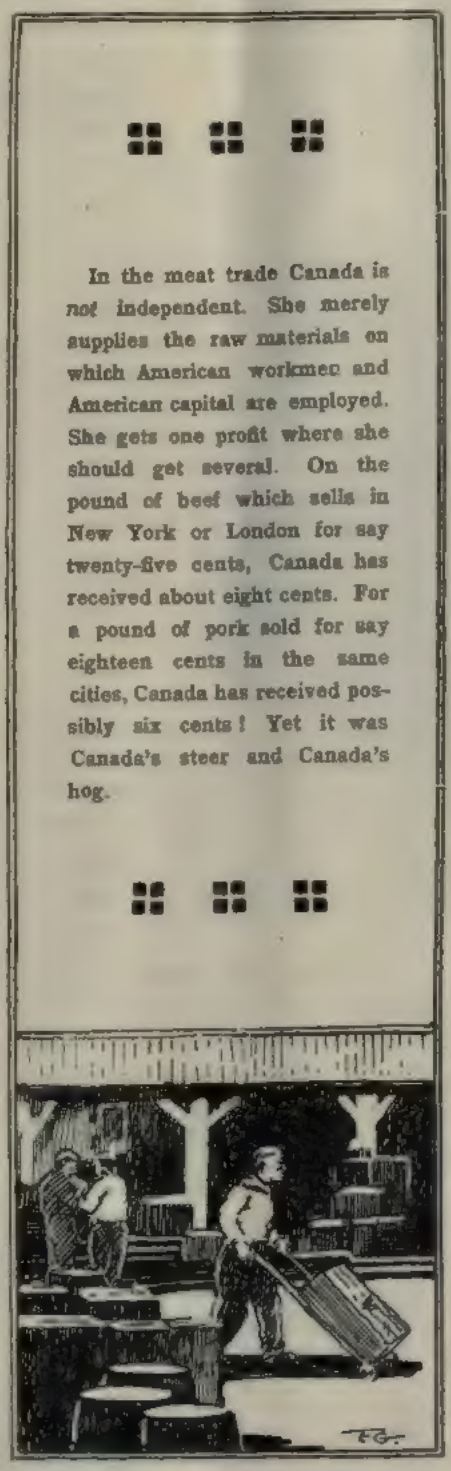
Until the War drove all other subjects of discussion into the shade, the autonomy of Canada, that is to say her complete freedom from interference by the Government of the Mother Country was much spoken of by public men. We were, and we are, almost as proud of our autonomy as we are of our British connection. Statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic have always been careful to guard, or to pretend to guard, that autonomy. Canadian voters have been taught to cherish it at all costs. It has just a little of the nature of a fetich. That this is so is evident from the fact that in guarding against anything that might curtail our political freedom we have failed to observe the quality of our economic freedom. Of trade independence we have less than we think.

Taft thought Reciprocity would make Canada an adjunct of the United States. Canada will never come to that pass provided she watches her relations with the United States as closely as she watched her relations with England before the war. We are already partly dependent upon the United States. This dependence is even growing in some respects. The city of Montreal is financing in New York instead of London. Smaller Canadian cities are changing their bookkeeping and their assessment systems in order to meet the more ready approval of American purchasers of municipal debentures. The imports of common food-stuffs from the United States for Canadian consumption are a serious item. These things, you may say, indicate no real flaw in our independence. You call them examples merely of the necessary interdependence of nations, as inevitable with nations as with men. But observe now the story of a single trade—the trade referred to in the above episode between two travellers. It has nothing to do with the tedious story of Reciprocity. It is a matter of fact, not of opinion. It is a symptom of what might become a dangerous disease—complete economic dependence upon the United States of America. You have seen row-boats drawn into the turbulent wakes of fast steamers? You have observed little streams get lost in big streams? You have known young men's characters to be warped by the older men with whom they lived? The same is possible of a nation.

Here is an example.

III.

The trade in beef will be one of the most important branches of agricultural production in the next few years. When the outbreak of war forced the world to take stock of its assets, it was observed that the human population of


In the meat trade Canada is *not* independent. She merely supplies the raw materials on which American workmen and American capital are employed. She gets one profit where she should get several. On the pound of beef which sells in New York or London for say twenty-five cents, Canada has received about eight cents. For a pound of pork sold for say eighteen cents in the same cities, Canada has received possibly six cents! Yet it was Canada's steer and Canada's hog.

the chief nations (The United Kingdom, United States, European Russia, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Canada, the Argentine, Australia and New Zealand) had increased by 19.9% in the years between 1900 and 1913 while the cattle population of the same countries had increased only 4%. There were, in short, more beef eaters and there was less beef. This was the fundamental cause of the increased cost of beef. This fact ensures big prices for cattle during the war and after the war. Until the cattle population overtakes the human population meat will be dear. Wheat, on which the average profit to the Canadian farmer in the years 1910 to 1914 inclusive was just eighty-seven cents per acre, and on which world prices have been tending down ever since 1880-1885, is by comparison a seriously unprofitable crop. In raising cattle lies a great part of the Canadian farmer's opportunity.

Now there are two ways of realizing that opportunity. The first is to sell the live cattle to foreign abattoirs. The second is to "complete" the beef in Canada. The first means, say, eight cents a pound live weight for a steer or eighty dollars for a thousand-pound animal. The second means perhaps the same rate per pound but it can be calculated on a fattened animal instead of a lean animal. It means *finishing* this product of our farms in Canada, giving Canadian abattoir workmen, Canadian abattoir capital and Canadian railway workmen and capital, employment. It will keep the by-products of the abattoirs, soap, lard, fertilizer, soup-squares and leather, in Canadian hands. It means that $34,631,818 worth of cattle can be transformed into $41,208,798 worth of finished meat of which $2,400,000 will be wages and salaries. Remember our export of approximately $8,000,000 worth of live cattle per year—chiefly to the United States—might be turned into an export of say $11,000,000 worth of meat and by-products. The Canadian annual imports of six million pounds of dressed beef, a quarter of a million dollars' worth of lard; a million dollars' worth of soap and from eight to twelve million dollars' worth of hides might then be wiped out and replaced as they should be replaced by Canadian products. More wages for more Canadians. More Canadian customers for more Canadian producers. Less Canadian debt to foreign countries. More surplus to sell to foreign countries to wipe out what we already owe.

Yet is Canada sufficiently independent of the economic machinery of the United States to be able to handle this one department of her own wealth in this second—and most profitable way?

IV.

Last fall there were a million hogs offered for sale in Alberta. For reasons of his own the Alberta farmer wanted to sell his grunters quickly. The Canadian abattoirs absorbed what they

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"Perhaps," said Bronson, "you will be good enough to explain who this man is"

Brandy Sauce

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

TO begin with, the fourth assistant pastry chef at Brownley's by mistake put a double quantity of brandy in the sauce for plum pudding.

The third assistant chef discovered it a few minutes later and reported it to the man higher up. Thus in turn it was brought to the notice of Monsieur Favart who has the same authority in Brownley's kitchen that one Nicholas wields in the Siberian Steppes.

He tasted the sauce, he, himself.

"*Ventre bleu*!" he murmured, withering the fourth assistant pastry chef by looking over his head. "It is lucky we find it out before somebody is served."

"But," objected the guilty chef, "an order of plum pudding with this sauce has already gone out."

"When?" Monsieur Favart jerked out the question like a general on the battlefield.

"Not five minutes ago."

"Quick. We must get it back. Here Pierre," he addressed a waiter. "Hasten to Henri and bring him to me."

Henri was the head waiter. His imperial dignity melted from him like a lemon ice in August and in an instant he stood respectfully before Monsieur Favart.

"You must find out who has ordered this so dreadful sauce," he commanded after he had explained what had happened. "Then convey my apologies and ask the guest to have something else."

"Very well."

IT was a comparatively simple matter to trace the plum pudding through the checker and the waiter to the ultimate consumer. Henri called the waiter to one side and told him to retrieve the offending dessert.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders. "It is not possible."

"Not possible?" Henri looked at the guest who was leisurely dipping up the forty horse power sauce and conveying it to his lips with a spoon. "It is not all gone yet."

"No monsieur," the waiter admitted, "but he has just ordered a second portion."

And he got it, thus saving his job to the fourth assistant pastry cook and settling more firmly than ever in Monsieur Favart's mind the conviction that Canadians will eat anything.

"SLATS" Conover had never taken a drink of Peruna in his life. He had practised prohibition scientifically because he knew that all alcohol reduced efficiency. Possibly that is why he did not recognize the insidiousness of that plum pudding sauce which topped off so cheerfully his midday luncheon. At any rate he was not to be deprived of what was quite the most delightful experience of an otherwise gloomy day spent in the depressing atmosphere of the law books which surrounded his empty office.

There, the secret is out. "Slats" Conover was a lawyer. He was a good one, too, although nobody knew it. He had an absolutely fireproof legal education but couldn't find a case to try it out on.

Most young lawyers have difficulty in scaring up enough business to make any kind of a showing for the first year or two, but "Slats" had other handicaps to overcome besides youth. He didn't look like a lawyer any more than a rabbit and in addition to that he was painfully shy. He didn't inspire confidence.

To refer back to his looks. His nickname was descriptive. Ladies used to gaze after him and murmur, "If I only had his figure." If you

know the ideal toward which the shape of the modern woman is tending you can picture him at once. He was so thin that he had to anchor his collar or it would slip down over his shoulders to the floor. He wore a belt but not for utilitarian purposes. It was merely to give the casual observer a place to rest the eye when looking from his feet to his face. Architects will understand the value of the device. Like the equator his waist was merely an imaginary line.

Of course he wasn't really eight feet tall, but seen by himself he gave that impression. You know how a factory chimney looks all by itself out in the open.

"SLATS" was sober and serious. You could tell that by his face. He hadn't laughed heartily since he had first discovered that "Torts" were not something to eat. In truth carrying around as much actual knowledge of the law as "Slats" had was no laughing matter. Where other students had skimmed, Conover had digested. The unconsidered exception that escaped the memory of many a fledgeling had found an indexed niche in his mental scheme. Especially was he a "bear" on real estate tangles in which he had specialized.

He wanted to be a regular fellow, too, but he didn't know how. The art of frivolling is something that most of us learn in our youth at the expense of Latin, Greek, History, Trigonometry and other useful but not ornamental divisions of knowledge. When the science of wasting time has been neglected until later in life it can only be acquired by painful application.

Unless, of course, you get crackerjack tutors.

The transformation of "Slats" Conover from a slaving recluse to a popular idler is worth noting as an exhibit in efficiency of instruction. The first step in the transformation was taken almost immediately after the second helping of plum pudding had disappeared.

"Slats" looked up as the waiter removed the dish and reflected with a pleasing sense of physical comfort that the world was a very pleasant place to live in.

HE gazed about him. To his surprise nearly everyone bowed to him. That was curious. Could it be that he was better known than he suspected? The fact that some of his eyesight had been sacrificed on the altar of legal education sank for the moment into the negligible background.

He realized poignantly that man is a gregarious animal. Individuality is all right but there ought to be some one to tell about it.

The restaurant was pleasantly alive. A not too unobstrusive orchestra played dance music and a few early teadancers were taking advantage of the cleared space in the centre of the room. When the music began for a number "Slats" noticed that some of the men from various tables would get up and dance either with their luncheon companions or with other ladies at adjoining tables.

It seemed to be tremendously simple and everyone was having a good time. In the holiday mood in which "Slats" found himself he could see no reason for being left out of the merriment. The trifling fact that he had never taken a dancing lesson in his life was so far back in his consciousness as to be absolutely neglected. Not a close observer of social events, he had remained an isolated island of decorum in a world gone dance mad. The eddies and swirls of the dancing current had raced by him without shaking his solidity. Like a lighthouse upon a rock he had neither swayed nor dipped though all about him was restless motion.

BUT now he was waking up. He looked at the adjacent tables. As before everyone nodded pleasantly. That was enough. "Slats" unfolded his unbelievable length and proceeded gravely to a table about two distant from his own where sat a lone young woman. Who she was he could not determine off hand and especially not until he got closer but that she knew him he was convinced. Had she not nodded and smiled?

In a moment he stood over her just as the other men had when seeking dancing partners. She looked up a little startled, a question in her eyes.

He saw it and answered it with his name. "I am Mr. Conover."

"Oh," she said relieved. "You are a friend of Jack's, are you not?"

"Yes," he admitted wondering meanwhile what Jack's last name was and what relation he was to the young lady. Of course he must know Jack but the world is so full of Jacks and Bills and Dicks that any particular one is hard to locate without more information.

"I am afraid I don't dance the new steps," she faltered as he led the way toward the open space on the floor. "Out in British Columbia where I come from they are still doing the hesitation and the one step. But I learn very rapidly," she went on, "and if you will just lead I will follow the best I can."

She had undertaken a rather larger contract than she realized. "Slats," not hampered in any way by a knowledge of the conventional steps, invented all new ones as he went along, some of them unintentionally difficult.

One by one the other dancers on the floor stopped either for safety or to admire and wonder at the marvelous evolutions of the tall thin young man and the beautiful girl who slavishly copied his every move.

"IT is a hard dance to learn isn't it?" the girl panted half apologetically, as she regained her feet after a step which included a three foot slide on the left foot and ended up with a backward trip. "It is hard because there are so many steps and they are all different. Did you notice that we are the only ones doing it?"

"Slats" was too busy to notice but the orchestra wasn't. They had become so fascinated watching him that they forgot to play and one by one they dropped out until only an oboe was wheezing all by himself. Then embarrassed he looked up suddenly and stopped. Amid wild applause "Slats" escorted the girl to her seat once more and in the flush of success ordered a couple of plum puddings. The waiter who had attended to his wants before passed the word to the one who was stationed at the girl's table and the sauce which was served with the dessert was the old reliable forty-two centimeter variety.

"This is lots of fun," volunteered the girl shyly. "I do hope Jack won't mind. I am sure he won't, though, as you are such old friends."

"ISN'T this Stella Heystek?" said a musical voice.

"Slats" and the girl looked up. Beside the table stood another young lady. The young man's heart dropped down to the neighborhood of the plum pudding when he realized how beautiful this one was. He had never known before that the world was populated with such ravishing creatures and he looked back with regret over twenty-five years spent in male companionship. As far as he could tell she was mostly all eyes with an adorable mouth located conveniently. There were other details of course but he absorbed them gradually later.

"My name *was* Stella Heystek," said his companion.

"Of course," broke in the other. "I knew you were just married. I saw it in the social column of the home paper. Your name is Mrs. Bronson now isn't it?"

"Yes. And you are Evalyn Gilbert." Mrs. Bronson cried delightedly. "You are so beautiful that I hardly knew you. How you have grown up."

"I suppose I have," the girl admit-

ted and then turning to "Slats." "You haven't introduced me to your husband yet, and I am just dying to meet him. If you are going to be stingy I'll do it myself. How do you do Mr. Bronson ?" she greeted him extending a slim cool hand. "I am Evalyn Gilbert and Stella's husband may call me Evalyn."

"I am very glad to meet you, Evalyn." He paused and smiled over the name. For a second he flashed a question with his eyes at Mrs. Bronson and in reply met only tortured indecision. A moment later the opportunity to correct the error gracefully had passed.

"Are you going to live here ?" the girl enquired turning back once more to the bride.

"Oh dear no. Jack has some real estate in the city that is tied up in some sort of a legal difficulty. He had to come to see about it and get a good lawyer to handle it for him so we made it part of our honeymoon trip. Jack is very anxious to get one of the best attorneys in the city. Do you know any ?"

"No," the girl laughed merrily, "not yet, but papa will, and I'll find out from him."

"Thanks, that will be much better than dealing with some one we know nothing of personally. I'm sure Jack will be very grateful."

"Will you ?" Evalyn asked archly including "Slats" in the conversation.

"Me ?" He started from a reverie. "Sure. I'm grateful already."

The orchestra started up again.

"May I borrow your husband for just one dance ? I am dying to teach somebody the new step I have just learned. After that you and I will go somewhere and have a long talk and maybe you will let me go shopping with you. Will you ?"

MRS. BRONSON agreed to all of Evalyn's proposals. She had to. There was no time to think up evasions as the girl was already leading her emergency husband out on the floor.

Fortunately Evalyn regarded this dance as a lesson and instead of allowing "Slats" to make up his own steps as he went along she took the lead and actually taught him how to put one foot in front of the other without breaking his ankles.

While they were deep in the mysteries of the last invention of the Castles' there was a harsh interruption. A heavy hand was laid upon "Slats" shoulder and he was rudely separated from his fair partner. As soon as he stopped spinning his eye made out dimly the figure of an athletic young man with a pointed Van Dyke beard crouched in the accepted position of a pugilist.

Intuition told "Slats" that he was supposed to be the party of the second part in the encounter which was imminent and as the other rushed at him he put up his long arms in imitation of a man about to strike a blow. He lashed out wildly and was fortunate enough not to hit himself. The other man didn't hit him either. This was owing to the fact that unless he stands perfectly still a man of the stuffed string build is very difficult to locate with the fist. "Slats" was not standing still. Quite the contrary, he was staggering from the blow he had inflicted upon the air.

Before hostilities could go any further, Henri the head waiter and his corps of assistants intervened.

The entire party was invited to step into the manager's office. As this was an alternative to arrest they gladly complied.

"NOW what's the matter ?" began the hotel manager in the conciliatory tone of one who does not wish to offend a patron at any cost.

"This scoundrel," began the athletic young man scowling ferociously, "this viper insulted my wife."

"And is this lady your wife ?" said the manager turning to Evalyn.

A chorus of protests came from all the members of the party.

"Very well," said the manager, "I understand. How did it happen ?"

The young man began. "I was married a week ago in the West, and we came here yesterday on our honeymoon. To-day I had an appointment to meet my wife at this restaurant and arrived a trifle late. Imagine my surprise to see her dancing with this gentleman. Not dancing in a dignified fashion like the other people on the floor but doing steps and acrobatics which would not be tolerated in any ball room in the world. I could scarcely believe my eyes. After the dance they sat down and were eating and drinking together when this strange woman whom I do not know came up to the table and shortly afterwards stepped out on the floor with this low hound and began to dance again. My impulse got the better of me. Out where I come from we do not allow a menace of the community to be at large. I admit that I took things into my own hands."

"I see," said the manager beginning to sympathize with the owner of the Van Dyke. He turned to "Slats." "Did you dance with this gentleman's wife ?"

"NOT that I know of," said "Slats" doubtfully.

"Of course he didn't," put in Evalyn smiling sweetly and overpoweringly at the [illegible] manager. "He was dancing with [illegible]"

[illegible] and the manager rallying him [illegible] there has been some mistake. You were [illegible] by some [illegible]

"I [illegible] to know my own wife," [illegible] "However it is none of your business and I don't care for your assistance. As for you," he turned fiercely toward "Slats," "you be fairly careful what you [illegible] You are going to hear from me [illegible] you heartbreaker. Just so you won't forget me I'll tell you my name. It is John Bronson." Uttering the last words in the intense tones of a curse he slammed the door after him.

The girl laughed. "He certainly is crazy," she explained to the manager. "He isn't Mr Bronson at all. This is Mr Bronson. I know because Mrs. Bronson introduced him to me."

The manager, trusting [illegible] all would be well escorted Evalyn back to the restaurant. At the door he spied the young man with the Van Dyke threading his way between the tables.

"Here boys," he motioned to a couple of porters. "See that fellow with the whiskers ? Get him out put him out and don't let him come in again. He is an imposter and a trouble maker. I think he is drunk besides."

THE porters hadn't had a thing to do for a week except smash [illegible] weight wardrobe trunks and they welcomed the prospect of a slight [illegible] The way they handled the [illegible] young man was very creditable indeed. They hardly tore his clothes at all, except one arm of the coat and a slight rip in a trouser seam.

Outside the revolving glass doors the young man took up his [illegible] and with a brick in each hand waiting for "Slats" to come out.

"Slats" and Evalyn watched him fascinated until the police patrol came and took him to the station.

With a sigh "Slats" turned away and said, "Well Evalyn what shall we do now for excitement ? The world appears to be revolving several hundred miles a minute and we might as well go with it."

Evalyn looked at him queerly. "We had better go back and find your wife, hadn't we ? What do you suppose she thinks about us being gone so long ? She will be worried to death about you."

"My wife ?" "Slats" struck his brow a sharp blow with the palm of his hand trying to remember.

"Surely. Don't you know you had one a little while ago ? Stella is her name."

"Oh yes," he responded. "Let's go back to her," and to himself he added a fervent hope that he would remember what she looked like.

THEY zig-zagged their way to the table at which they had left Mrs. Bronson. There was no one there. The waiter was putting on fresh table linen and silver.

"Where is the lady who was sitting here with me?" "Slats" demanded secretly relieved that she was not there.

"She left," volunteered the waiter, "about ten minutes ago."

"Where could she have gone?" said Evalyn. "The poor girl doesn't know the city. I am afraid she won't be able to find her way. We must go to her."

"Sure we must go to her," "Slats" echoed. He was in favor of anything that would keep up the relationship with this fascinating young woman.

They returned to the lobby of the hotel. "The first thing to do is to go to your room. Maybe Stella went there to await your return."

"Yes that's it," said "Slats." "We will go to our room."

"Where is it?"

"Oh don't you know where it is? Let's see." He tried to think. There was no reason why he should know where Mrs. Bronson was staying.

"Is it in this hotel?"

"I—I—I don't know."

"Don't know? Don't you know what hotel you are stopping at?"

They all look so much alike," he explained lamely. "I'll find out. Just wait here while I step over to the desk and ask the clerk."

EVALYN laughed and took a seat in one of the chairs in the lobby.

"Slats" went to the desk and inquired pleasantly of the clerk who at last deigned to notice him if John Bronson were registered there. He was not. While standing at the desk wondering what the next move would be the bright idea occurred to "Slats" to telephone to the other principal hotels and ask at each one until he found the Bronsons. With this in view he went to a telephone booth and rang up the Prince George. Of the clerk who answered he inquired if a party by the name of Bronson were registered there. In the course of time the information was forthcoming. Bronson was in seven hundred and four.

Relieved, "Slats" rejoined the fair Evalyn and gravely informed her what his address was.

"Good," said Evalyn. "That's only four or five blocks away. I'll just go over there with you and see if I can do anything to help Stella out."

"Wouldn't it be better if you went by yourself?" suggested "Slats" tentatively.

"Oh no," she objected. "Your wife will be so worried about you. It wouldn't be fair for you to stay away any longer."

So they walked over to the hotel and with a confidence born of a knowledge of the room number "Slats" conveyed her to the elevator. The floor clerk happened to be on the floor below or they never would have gotten past. As it was he discovered the number right around the corner from the elevator and followed by Evalyn he unhesitatingly opened the door and walked in.

A SHRIEK of feminine surprise followed by a masculine "Damn" greeted their entrance

A lady built on the general plan of a Percheron wearing an elaborately brocaded dressing gown was surprised in the act of curling her hair. When she shrieked she very nearly swallowed a hairpin. A man, very bald on the top of his head, but on the front of his face not very, was engaged in the widely advertised pastime of lathering his face

The two parties regarded each other in silent amazement and while they did so a thin spiral of blue smoke rose from the heavy-set lady's hair and shortly thereafter one of her bangs dropped off into her lap.

"There must be a mistake," stuttered "Slats" backing into Evalyn and turning hastily to apologize to her.

"I should say there had been a mistake," growled the man truculently

"I thought that Mr Bronson had these room"

"He has," said the man "I am Bronson"

"Oh" "Slats" collapsed inside of himself for a moment and then brightened as he said, "If you are Bronson you are the wrong one and I am terribly sorry." They beat a hasty retreat and descended to the lobby

Evalyn laughed so hard that she scandalized the elevator boy. "My goodness, man," she said at length, "where DO you live? If you can't find a home pretty soon I'll

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The young man's heart dropped down to the neighborhood of the plum pudding when he realized how beautiful this one was

Moses and the Moose

By Richard G. Tobin

Illustrated from Photographs

ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TO CLICK OFF A FEW THOUSAND FEET OF FILM OF SOME

"GOT a fine little job for you Moses,—rich guy wants a few thousand feet of real game pictures—wants 'em right out of the wild and in their native trimmins. Says he don't want to go shooting but thinks he'd like to have a wild game show out at his stone-front some time this fall. He says it will be easy enough to go up to New Brunswick and click 'em off most anywhere. He's got the money—we've got the order, so that's your job until you come back and show us that Moses discovered a moose in the New Brunswick bull rushes."

That was my introduction to moose and big game hunting with a cinematograph camera in New Brunswick

The way the boss told it to me that morning, I thought it would be something like going out to Banff park and taking some pictures of the big rocks. I had heard of a lot of people going to New Brunswick and the North country every fall and I had read some stories about big game hunting. But I had about as much idea of what I was going against as a girl out of a convent has of the meaning of the bright lights on Broadway. And the worst part of it was the "rich guy," who had given the order to the boss, knew little more about big game hunting than I did

"This million dollar person's name is Horden—son of old man Horden who owns all the milk wagons in this town. Guess you will find him down in the McCormick building. Better call him on the 'phone and see what he wants," continued the boss by way of turning me loose on my new assignment.

It certainly must be great to possess lots of money that some one else has worked like the old Nick to earn! After trying several times I finally got Horden on the 'phone about noon. He had just come into town and was going out somewhere to a horse show in the afternoon, so I had to hustle down and catch him before he went to luncheon—l-u-n-c-h-e-o-n, get that.

"Some folks think it is quite the proper thing to fill up their houses with heads of animals they have slaughtered in the woods," began Horden, as he leaned back in a high-backed swivel chair, put my card to one side and motioned me to a chair by the side of the hand-carved desk. "I'd like to have some myself, but I simply couldn't think of going through those terrible forests and put up with the inconveniences I understand one must endure while hunting big game. I've been told some of the hunters go a whole week without a bath. Fancy that!

"I think it would be great fun though, to have some pictures—movies—of the moose and deer as they run about in the primeval forest. I plan to have a big house party this fall and want the pictures as a sort of stunt. Do you think you can get them?"

That certainly was a great question to ask a man who had served as a staff photographer for the *Morning Courier* for four years. Of course I could get the pictures—yards and yards of them. I promised Mr. Rich Guy, as the boss called him, he would have a regular thriller for his house party when he produced my moose and deer films.

So I went over to the Canadian Pacific Railway ticket office and arranged for transportation to St. John by way of Toronto and Montreal. I did not tell the ticket office man what I was going after—my long training as a newspaper photographer taught me to get to the place of my assignment and then "phone the office" if I needed help. All the way up to St. John, I had the time of my life. Think of it! A Detroit millionaire actually was paying real money and lots of it to send me rattling along on a corking fine train, through a country that was filled with interest and at the end of my journey all I had to do was to go out into the woods and click off a few thousand feet of film of some obliging moose. Arriving at St. John, after a night run out of Montreal, I made inquiries as to the nearest woods in which moose could be found.

"Well, I wouldn't wonder you might stumble on some eight or ten miles out," replied the hotel clerk. "Your guide will know that better than I can tell you. Who's going out with you?"

"Oh, I don't want a guide. I'm just up here to take some moving pictures of some moose. I'd better have some one to help pack the camera, I suppose, but I'm not expecting to stay more than a day or so."

From the character of the sneer and grin that chased each other over the clerk's face I knew I was "in wrong" in some particular.

"Say, Sonny," he said at last, apparently taking pity on me, "you'd better take some one along with you to hear you say your prayers at night. One of those brown bears out there in the brush might take you for a bunch of fresh cabbage and neglect to send us back word he'd detained you. Now

you trot right over to Fairville to old man Raynes and tell him you want an outfit to go into the woods. He will fix you out with a guide and a cook kit and a supply of grub, a canoe and the rest of the things you need. If you want to hunt in this neck of the world you had better do as I say. Why say, man, some of those old boys who have been tramping over this part of New Brunswick all their lives won't admit they know the woods yet."

I saw Raynes at once. You can guess that I was about as meek as a cub reporter, too, during that interview with the old outfitter. I confessed I did not know a cussed thing about the woods—the real woods. I told him of my assignment to take moving pictures of moose and wild game to provide a Roman holiday for the young millionaire back in Detroit.

"Well, I swear if it ain't true our public schools are turning out a pack of fools every day," snarled old Charlie as he twisted a strand of his long mustache into the right corner of his mouth.

"I suppose you brought a lot of salt along with you ?" he continued, as he looked me over from head to foot.

"Salt ? What'd I do with salt ?"

"Why, to catch the moose with—you gotta pour salt in a moose's right ear before you can make him stand to have his picture taken."

I could feel the blood rising back of my collar. I certainly did not like the idea of being made a fool of by a New Brunswick woodsman, even if he did know more about moose than I happened to know.

"Save your jokes, Raynes," I blurted out in a flash, "I am up here to fill an order for pictures and I'm going to get 'em if they are to be had. If you want to supply me with two guides and an outfit to take me to where the moose are to be found, I'm ready to pay your price. What do you say, do you want the job or will I have to look elsewhere ?"

Raynes changed his tune at once.

"Well, I will charge you $5 a day for each guide and you'll have to buy the grub. Of course you'll want a hunter's license. I'll loan you a gun to take into the bush with you."

"You're on, here's $50 advance for the guides and $20 for grub, now when can we start ?"

Raynes figured a second and allowed it would be possible to get to the head camp by dark that night.

I sat around his place for an hour or more while his men went scurrying to get together the grub and the other things needed by a "tenderfoot." About the middle of the afternoon we started out of Fairville in an automobile for what Raynes said was to be a ten mile run into the wood to Prince of Wales. It was more like twenty miles. At that point our stuff was loaded into a buckboard and we started off over roads that no other vehicle in the world other than a buckboard could have traversed—it was one continuous line of stumps, ruts, and obstructions. After a trip over this sort of a road for about six miles, through the "brush," as they call it up there, we arrived at Perch lake. Raynes' head camp is located on an island in the center of this lake. The head camp consists of three log cabins built in a little clearing. One was arranged for a living and eating room. The other two are for bunks. The cabins are not very attractive, but they serve their purpose in that rough country, admirably.

The two guides Raynes had sent on from Prince of Wales were right at home in the camp and started in to make things comfortable for a long stay. Big Mike, the guide who could talk English, seemed to regard me in the same degree of scorn that Raynes had shown toward me when I first mentioned my mission back at Fairville. The other guide, a lanky French Canadian, seemed to take it for granted he was along merely as a sort of beast of burden. As he could not speak more than a few words of English, I was perfectly willing he should thus pick out his own work

"Mike, do you understand what I am up here for ?" I asked of the big guide after we had settled down for a smoke after supper.

"To hunt moose, bear and deer," was his blunt reply, which gave me to understand my question was a useless one

"That's not the case, Mike—I don't care a cuss about shooting any game. But I do want to take pictures of moose, bear and deer—moving pictures with that big camera."

"How far will your picture machine shoot ?" Mike enquired in a tone of voice that indicated he still looked upon me as sort of a joke.

"Well, I can take pictures a hundred and fifty feet away but the object really ought to be closer than that to make the pictures show up right when they are reproduced."

"Hundred and fifty feet ? Holy smoke, man, you don't count on getting close as that to any moose or bear unless he's tied to a stump somewhere?"

"Mike, listen to what I am telling you now for we might as well start right — I don't know a damn thing about moose or bear or deer except the few I've seen in the circus or at the park zoo. This young millionaire down in Detroit wants some big game moving pictures to show at a blow-out he's going to have. He ordered my boss to get them for him. The millionaire don't know any more about big game and hunting than I do. Now what you've got to do is to go out and lasso a bear and a moose, if we can't get them any other way. There's a bright yellow $20 gold piece for you for every picture I get of these three wild animals Now what do you say, are you for it, or do you want to start back to Prince of Wales to-morrow morning ?"

I thought I'd made a great strike with that offer of $20 gold pieces for Mike suddenly became quite serious.

Mike said it was five miles, but I'll swear it was closer to ten, down the gullies and up the hills, the way we had to walk

He sat thinking for a moment, then his face lightened with a smile that told me Mike was on my side.

"Forget about those twenties, Mister. You're paying for our work and we're here to do the best we know how to make your trip a winner," Mike said by way of a general peace offering.

"I tell you though you've marked out a'mighty big job for us. Now let me tell you some of the A B C's of big game in the woods and you'll see what you're going up against. Take moose first. They can't see very far and are not much on hearing, but they can wind you almost as far as you can see with specks. They not only can wind you but can tell just about where you are through this sense of smell. Bear and deer are about the same way.

"Now, then, I've been in these woods since I was big enough to tote a pack on my back. I've been out here with a lot of different hunters and have seen a heap of moose shot at and a lot less of them killed. The closest I've ever been to a bull moose was fifty yards and that one was goin' away from us at the rate of about a hundred miles an hour the second he got wind of us."

Mike's little lecture on nature study left me about as near to being floored as I had ever been in my life. There I was spending the boss's money on a job that couldn't be delivered. I was sick—squeamishly sick. I even thought of the form of the letter I would have to write to the boss to tell him of my failure and that I was going to work in New York hereafter.

"We won't give up without making a try," Mike finally said in rather a cheerful tone. "We will go over on the Green Ridge trail early in the morning and see what we can find. I've told you just how the land lays so you must not be disappointed if we don't get what we want."

Mike sat in silence for a while apparently thinking of how he was going to manage the "impossible" stunt in the morning. Then he went into the back house. I could hear him [illegible] to get up a time and make

[illegible] I have to never forget that night in the woods. I was tired [illegible] but I lay not get a bit [illegible] I had been on the [illegible] of getting up [illegible] around midnight. Ten o'clock seemed [illegible] I sat thinking [illegible] how my cousin Bessie [illegible] had been so completely [illegible] by night fall.

Suddenly it dawned upon me that the fire was getting low. I knew where the woods were but it was so dark I could not see a [illegible] Then, too, it was so still. Every crack in an ember in the fire sounded [illegible] like the report of a rifle in my ears. Once in a while I heard a long, lonesome howl which seemed to come from somewhere on the other side of the lake. Then it was still again—and dark—murdering cats, but it was dark!

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Truth

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by John Edwin Jackson

WHEN MAY A MAN LIE TRUTHFULLY? NEVER, OF COURSE. WHAT ABOUT A WOMAN WHO IS TWENTY-FIVE FOR THE SECOND TIME? HERE'S HOW SAPPHIRA THE SECOND ROBBED A BANK, INVENTED A BURGLARY, SAVED A BOY—AND MARRIED A MAN

MR. HEMINGWAY had transacted a great deal of business with Miss Tennant's father; otherwise he must have shunned the proposition upon which she came to him. Indeed, wrinkling his bushy brows, he as much as told her that he was a banker and not a pawnbroker.

Outside, the main street of Aiken, broad enough to have made five ordinary streets, lay red and glaring in the sun. The least restless shifting of feet by horses and mules tied to hitching posts raised clouds of dust, immense reddish ghosts that could not be laid. In the bank itself, ordinarily a cool retreat, smelling faintly of tobacco juice deposited by some of its clients, the mercury was swelling toward ninety. Unless Miss Tennant was cool, nobody was. She looked cool. If the temperature had been 40 degrees below zero she would have looked warm; but she would have been dressed differently.

It was her great gift always to look the weather and the occasion; no matter how or what she really felt. On the present occasion she wore a very simple, inexpensive muslin, flowered with faint mauve lilacs, and a wide, floppy straw hat, trimmed with the same. She had driven into town, half a mile or more without getting a speck of dust upon herself. Even the corners of her eyes were like those of a newly laundered baby. She smelled of toilet powder (precipitated chalk and orris root as was her custom, and she wore nothing or ornament of any value. Indeed such jewels as she possessed, a graceful diamond necklace, a pearl collar, a pearl pendant and two carnation sapphire rings lay on the table between her and Mr. Hemingway.

"I'm not asking the bank to do this for me," she said and she looked extraordinarily lovely on purpose of course. "I'm asking you."

Mr. Hemingway poked the [illegible] of jewels very gingerly with his [illegible] finger as if they were a lizard.

"And of course," she said, "they are worth twice the money [illegible] three or four times."

"Precisely," said Mr. Hemingway, "and I will take offense if I suggest that your father [illegible]"

The muslin over her shoulders tightened the least in the world. She had shrugged them.

"Of course," she said, "papa would do it; but he would insist on reasons. My reasons involve another, Mr. Hemingway, and so it would not be honorable for me to give them."

"And yet," said the banker, twinkling, "your reasons would tempt me to accommodate you with the loan you ask for, far more than your collateral."

"Oh," she said, "you are a business man. I could give you reasons, and be sure they would go no further—even if you thought them funny. But if papa heard them, and thought them funny, as he would, he would play the sieve. I don't want this money for myself, Mr. Hemingway."

"They never do," said he.

She laughed.

"I wish to lend it in turn," she said, "to a person who has been reckless, and who is in trouble, but in whom I believe. . . . But perhaps," she went on, "the person, who is very proud, will take offense at my offer of help. . . . In which case, Mr. Hemingway, I should return you the money to-morrow."

"This person—" he began, twinkling.

"Oh," she said, "I couldn't bear to be teased. The person is a young gentleman. Any interest that I take in him is a business interest pure and simple. I believe that, tided over his present difficulties, he will steady down and become a credit to his sex. Can I say more than that?" She smiled drolly.

"Men who are a credit to their sex," said Mr. Hemingway, "are not rare, but young gentlemen . . ."

"This one," said she, "has in him the makings of a man. Just now he is discouraged."

"Is he taking anything for it?" asked Mr. Hemingway with some sarcasm.

"Buckets," said Miss Tennant simply.

"Was it cards?" he asked.

"Cards, and betting—and the hopeless optimism of youth," said she.

"And you wish to lend him five thousand dollars, and your interest in him is platonic?"

"Nothing so ardent," said she demurely. "I wish him to pay his debts, to give me his word that he will neither drink nor gamble until he has paid back his debt to me, and I will suggest that he go out to one of those big Western cities and become a man."

"If anybody," said Mr. Hemingway, with gallantry, "could lead a young gentleman to so sweeping a reform, it would be yourself."

"There is no sequence of generations," said Miss Tennant, "long enough to eradicate a drop of Irish blood."

Mr. Hemingway swept the jewels together and wrapped them in the tissue paper in which she had brought them.

"Are you going to put them in your safe—or return them to me?" she asked plaintively.

Mr. Hemingway affected gruffness.

"I am thanking God fervently, ma'am," said he, "that you didn't ask me for more. You'll have to give me your note. By the way, are you of age?"

Her charming eyes narrowed, and she laughed at him.

"People," she said, "are already beginning to say, 'she will hardly marry now.' But it's how old we feel, Mr. Hemingway, isn't it?"

"I feel about seven," said he, "and foolish at that."

"And I," said she, "will be twenty-five for the second time on my next birthday."

"And by the way," she said, when the details of the loan had been arranged, and she had stuffed the five thousand dollars into the palm of a wash glove, "nobody must know about this, because I shall have to say that—my gewgaws have been stolen."

"But that will give Aiken a black eye," said he.

"OH!" SHE CRIED, WHEN HER FATHER WAS SUFFICIENTLY RECOVERED TO LISTEN. "THERE WAS A MAN IN MY ROOM"

"I'm afraid it can't be helped, Mr. Hemingway. Papa will ask point blank why I never wear the pearls he gave me, and I shall have to anticipate."

"How?" he asked.

"Oh," she said demurely, "to-night or to-morrow night I shall rouse the household with screams, and claim that I woke and saw a man bending over my dressing table—a man with a beautiful white mustache and imperial."

Mr. Hemingway's right hand flew to his mouth as if to hide these well-ordered appendages, and he laughed.

"Is the truth nothing to you?" he said.

"In a business matter pure and simple," she said, after a moment's reflection, "it is nothing—absolutely nothing."

"Not being found out by one's parents is hardly a business matter," said Mr. Hemingway.

"Oh," said she with a shiver, "as a little girl I went into the hands of a receiver at least once a month——"

"A hand of iron in a velvet glove," murmured Mr. Hemingway.

"Oh, no," she said, "a leather slipper in a nervous hand. . . . But how can I thank you?"

She rose, still demure and cool, but with a strong sparkling in her eyes as from a difficult matter successfully adjusted.

"You could make the burglar a clean-shaven man," Mr. Hemingway suggested.

"I will," she said, "I will make him look like anybody you say."

"God forbid," said he. "I have no enemies. But seriously, Miss Tennant, if you possibly can, will you do without a burglary, for the good name of Aiken?"

"I will do what I can," she said, "but I can't make promises."

When she had gone, one of the directors pushed open the door of Mr Hemingway's office and tiptoed in.

"Well," said he, "for an old graybeard! You've been flirting fifty minutes, you sinner."

"I haven't," said Mr. Hemingway, twisting his mustache and looking roguish. "I've been discussing a little matter of business with Miss Tennant."

"*What* business?"

"Well, it wasn't any of yours, Frank, at the time, and I'm dinned if I think it is now. But if you must know, she came in to complain of the milk that your dairy has been supplying lately. She said it was the kind of thing you'd expect in the West, but for an Eastern gentleman to put water in anything—"

"You jump in the lake," said the director. "Everybody knows that spoons stand up in the milk from my dairy, and as for the cream——"

In the fall from grace of David Larkin there was involved no great show of natural depravity. The difference between a young man who goes right and a young man who goes wrong may be no more than the half of one per cent. And I do not know why we show the vicious such contempt and the virtuous such admiration. Larkin's was the case of a young man who tried to do what he was not old enough, strong enough, or wise enough to "get away with." Aiken did not corrupt him; he was corrupt when he came, with a bank account of thirty-five hundred dollars snatched from the lap of Dame Fortune, at a moment when she was minding some other small boy. Horses running up to their form, spectacular bridge hands (not well played), and bets upon every subject that can be thought of had all contributed. Then Larkin caught a cold in his nose, so that it ran all day and all night, and because the Browns had invited him to Aiken for a fortnight whenever he cared to come, he seized upon the excuse of his cold and boarded the first train. He was no sooner in Aiken than Dame Fortune ceased minding the other small boy, and turned her petulant eyes upon Larkin. Forthwith he began to lose.

Let no man who does not personally know what a run of bad luck is judge another. What color is a lemon? Why, it is lemon colored, to be sure. And behold, fortune produces you a lemon black as the ace of spades. When fortune goes against you, you cannot be right. The favorite falls down; the great jockey uses bad judgment for the first time in his life; the football team that ought to win is overtrained; the yacht carries away her bowsprit; your four kings are brought face to face after much "hiking" with four aces; the cigarette that you try to flick into the fireplace hits the slender andiron and bounces out upon the rug; the liquor that you carried so amiably and sensibly in the city mixes with the exciting air of the place where the young lady you are attentive to lives, and you make four asses of yourself and seven fools, and wake up with your first torturing headache, and your first humiliating apology.

Larkin's judgment was good; he was a modest young fellow of very decent instincts, he was neither a born gambler nor a born drinker; but, in the popular phrase, "he was *in* wrong."

Bad luck is not a good excuse for a failure in character; but God knows how wickedly provocative thereof it can be. The elders of the Aiken club did not notice that Larkin was slipping from grace, because his slipping was gradual; but they noticed all of a sudden, with pity, chagrin (for they liked him), and kindly contempt, that he had fallen. Forthwith a wave of reform swept over the Aiken club, or it amounted to that. Rich men who did not care a hang about what they won or lost refused to play for high stakes; Larkin's invitations to cocktails were very largely refused; no bets were made in his presence (and I must say that this was a great cause of languishment in certain men's conversation), and the young man was mildly and properly snubbed. This locking of the stable door, however, had the misfortune to happen just after the horse had bolted. Larkin had run through the most of his money; he did not know how he was to pay his bed and board at Willcox's, where he was now stopping; his family were in no position to help him; he knew that he was beginning to be looked on with contempt; he thought that he was seriously in love with Miss Tennant. He could not see any way out of anything; knew that a disgraceful crash was imminent, and for all these troubles, he took the wrong medicine. Not the least foolish part of this was that it was medicine for which he would be unable to pay when the club bill fell due. From after breakfast until late at night he kept himself, not drunk, but stimulated. . . And then one day the president of the club spoke to him very kindly—and the next day wouldn't speak to him at all.

The proper course would have been for Larkin to open his heart to any of a dozen men. Any one of them would have straightened him out mentally and financially in one moment, and forgotten about it the next. But Larkin was too young, too foolish, and too full of false pride to make confessions to any one who could help him; and he was quite ignorant of the genuine kindness and wisdom that lurks in the average rich man, if once you can get his ear.

But one night, being sure they could not be construed into an appeal for help, or anything but a sympathetic scolding, which he thought would be enjoyable (and because of a full moon, perhaps, and because of an arbor covered with the yellow jasmine that smells to heaven, and a little sweeter), he made his sorry confessions into the lovely pink hollow of Miss Tennant's ear.

Instead of a scolding, he received sympathy and understanding; and he misconstrued the fact that she caught his hand in hers and squeezed it very hard; and did not know that he had misconstrued that fact until he found that it was her cheek that he had kissed instead of her hand, as it [illegible] lips.

This rebuff did not prevent him from crowning the story of his young life with further confessions. And it is on record that when Larkin came into the brightly lighted club there was dust upon the knees of his trousers.

I [illegible] David Larkin," she said, "and in spite of all the [illegible] have made of things I [illegible] but even if I were fonder than fondest of you, I should despise myself if I listened to you—now."

But she did not sleep all night for thinking how she could be of real, material help to the young man, and cause him to turn into the straight, narrow path that always leads to success, and sometimes to achievement.

Every spring the Mannings, who have nothing against them except that they live on the wrong side of town, give a clematis party. The Mannings live for the blossoming of the clematis which covers their charming portico house from top to toe, and fills their grounds. Ever since they can remember they have specialized in clematis; and they are not young, and clematis grows fast. The fine old trees that stand in the Mannings' grounds are merely lofty trellises for the vines, rich deep purple, to sport upon. The Mannings' garden cost less money, perhaps, than any notable garden in Aiken; and when in full bloom it is, perhaps, the most beautiful garden in the world.

Even Larkin when he paused under the towering entrance vines, a mauve and a purple, forgot his troubles. He filled his lungs with the delicious fragrance, and years after the consciousness of it would come upon him suddenly. And then coming upon tea tables standing in the open and covered with good things, and finding, among the white flannel and muslin guests, Miss Tennant, very obviously on the lookout for him, his cup was full. When they had drunk very deep of orangeade, and eaten jam sandwiches followed by chicken sandwiches and walnut cake, they went strolling (Miss Tennant still looking completely ethereal—a creature that lived on the color of flowers and kind thoughts rather than the more material edibles mentioned above), and then Larkin felt that his cup was overflowing.

Either because the day was hot or because of the sandwiches, they found exclusive shade and sat in it, upon a

white seat that looked like marble—at a distance. Larkin once more filled his lungs with the breath of flowers and was for letting it out in further confessions of what he felt to be his heart's ultimate depths. But Miss Tennant was too quick for him. She drew five one thousand dollars bills from the palm of her glove and put them in his hand.

"There," she said.

Larkin looked at the money and fell into a dark mood

"What is this for?" he said presently

"This is a loan," said she, "from me to you; to be a tiding over of present difficulties, a reminder of much that has been pleasant in the past, and an earnest hope of future well-doing. Good luck to you, David."

"I wish I could take it," said the young man, with a swift, slanting smile. "And at least I can crawl upon my stomach at your feet, and pull my forelock and heap dust upon my head. . . . God bless you!" And he returned the bills to her.

She smiled cheerfully, but a little disdainfully.

"Very well, then," said she. "I tear them up."

"Oh!" cried Larkin. "Don't make a mess of a beautiful incident."

"Then take them"

"No"

"Why not?"

"Oh, you know as well as I do that a man can't borrow from a girl."

"A man?" asked Miss Tennant simply, as if she doubted having heard correctly. Then, as he nodded, she turned a pair of eyes upon him that were at once kind, pained, and deeply thoughtful. And she began to speak in a quiet, repressed way upon the theme that he had suggested.

"A man," she said; "what is a man? I can answer better by telling you what a man is not. A man is not a creature who loafs when he ought to be at work, who loses money that he hasn't got, who drinks liquor that he cannot carry, and who upon such a noble groundwork feels justified in making love to a decent, self-respecting girl. That is not a *man*, David. A man would have no need of any help from me. . . . But you—you are a child that has escaped from its nurse, a bird that has fallen out of its nest before it has learned to fly, and you have done nothing but foolish things. . . . But somehow I have learned to suspect you of a better self, where, half strangled with foolishnesses and extravagance, there lurks a certain contrition and a certain sweetness. . . God knows I should like to see you a man. . . ."

Larkin jumped to his feet, and all of

"HOWEVER, MISS TENNANT, IF YOU POSSIBLY CAN, WILL YOU DO WITHOUT A BOUQUET FOR THE CHRISTMAS OF MEN?"

him that showed was crimson, and he could hardly be heard. But he felt no danger, and he kept his eyes upon hers.

"Thank you," he said; "may I have them?"

He stuffed the bills into his pocket.

"I have no security," he said. "But I will give you my word of honor neither to drink, neither to gamble, neither to loaf, nor to make love until I have paid you back interest and principle."

"Where will you go? What will you do, David?"

"West—God knows. I *will* do something. . . . You see that I can't say any thanks, don't you? That I am almost choking, and that at any moment I might burst into sobs?"

They were silent, and she looked into his face unconsciously while he mastered his agitation. He sat down beside her presently, his elbows on his knees, his chin deep in his hands.

"Is God blessing you by any chance?" he said. "Do you feel anything of the kind? Because I am asking Him to—so very hard. I shall ask Him to a million times every day until I die. . . . Would it be possible for one who has deserved nothing, but who would like it for the strengtheningest, beautifulest memory. . . ."

"Quick, then," said she, "some one's coming."

That very night screams pierced to every corner of the Tennants' great house on the Whiskey Road. Those whom screams affect in one way sprang from bed; those whom they affect in another hid under the bedclothes. Mr. Tennant himself, a man of sharp temper and implacable courage, dashed from his room in a suit of blue-and-white pajamas, and overturned a Chippendale cabinet worth a thousand dollars; young Mr. Tennant barked both shins on a woodbox and dropped a loaded Colt revolver into the well of the stair; Mrs. Tennant was longer in appearing, having tarried to try the effect upon her nerves and color sense of three d'vers wrappers. The butler, an Admirable Crichton of a man came bearing a bucket of water in case the house was on fire. Mrs. Tennant's French maid carried a case of her mistress's jewels, and seemed determined to leave.

Miss Tennant stood in the doorway of her room. She was pale and greatly agitated, but her eyes shone with courage and resolve. Her arched, blue-veined feet were thrust into a pair of red Turkish slippers turning up at the toes. A mandarin robe of dragoned blue brocade was flung over her nightgown. In one hand she had a golf club—a niblick.

"Oh!" she cried, when her father was

sufficiently recovered from overturning the cabinet to listen, "there was a man in my room."

Mr. Tennant, Young Mr. Tennant, The butler, The French maid (furiously, sleepily, as if he thought she meant to say a fire, blushing crimson) "A man,"

Then, and again altogether:

Mr. Tennant— "Which way did he go?"

Young Mr. Tennant "Which man?"

The butler— "A white man?"

The French maid (with a kind of ecstasy)— "A man!"

"Out the window!" cried Miss Tennant.

Her father and brother dashed downstairs and out into the grounds. The butler hurried to the telephone (still carrying his bucket of water) and rang Central and asked for the Chief of Police. Central answered, after a long interval, that the Chief of Police was out of order, and rang off.

Meanwhile Mrs. Tennant arrived, and having coldly recovered her jewel case from the custody of the French maid, prepared to be told the details of what hadn't happened.

"He was bending over my dressing table, mamma," said Miss Tennant. "I could see him plainly in the moonlight; he had a mask, and was smooth shaven, and he wore gloves."

"I wonder why he wore gloves," mused Mrs. Tennant.

"I suppose," said Miss Tennant, "that he had heard of the Bertillon system, and was afraid of being tracked by his finger marks."

"Did he say anything?"

"Not to me, I think," said Miss Tennant, "but he kept mumbling to himself so I could hear: 'Slit her damn throat if she makes a move; slit it right into the backbone.' So, of course, I didn't make a move—I thought he was talking to a confederate whom I couldn't see."

"*Why* a confederate?" asked Mrs. Tennant. "Oh, I see—you mean a sort of partner."

"But there was only the one," said Miss Tennant. "And when he had filled his pockets and was gone by the window—I thought it was safe to scream, and I screamed."

"Have you looked to see what he took?"

"No. But my jewels were all knocking about on the dressing table. I suppose he got them."

"Well," said Mrs. Tennant, "let's be thankful that he didn't get mine."

"And only to think," said Miss Tennant, "that only last night papa asked asked me why I had given up wearing my pearls. And was put out about it, and I promised to wear them oftener!"

"Never mind, my dear," said her mother confidentially; "if you are sorry enough long enough, your father will buy you others. He can be wonderfully generous—if you keep at him."

"Oh," said Miss Tennant, "I feel sure that they will be recovered some day—it may not be to-morrow, or next day—but somehow—some time I feel sure that they will come back. Of course papa must offer a reward."

"I wonder how much he will offer!"

"Oh, a good round sum. I shall suggest five thousand dollars if he asks me."

The next day Miss Tennant dispatched the following note to Mr. Hemingway.

Dear, kind Mr. Hemingway:

You have heard of the great robbery, and of my dreadful fright. But there is no use crying about it. It is one of those dreadful things, I suppose, that simply *have* to happen. The burglar was smooth shaven. How awful that this should have to happen in Aiken of all cities. In Aiken where we never have felt hitherto that it was ever necessary to lock the door. I suppose Mr. Powell's nice hardware store will do an enormous business now in patent bolts. Papa is going to offer five thousand dollars' reward for the return of my jewels, and no questions asked. Do you know, I have a feeling that you are going to be instrumental in finding the stolen goods. I have a feeling that the thief (if he has any sense at all) will negotiate through you for their return. And I am sure the thief would never have taken them if he had known how badly it would make me feel, and what a blow he was striking at the good name of Aiken.

I am, dear Mr. Hemingway, contritely and sincerely yours,

SAPPHIRA TENNANT,
(formerly Dolly Tennant).

But Mr. Hemingway refused to touch the reward, and Miss Tennant remained in his debt for the full amount of her loan. She began at once to save what she could from her allowance. And she called this fund her "conscience money."

Miss Tennant and David Larkin did not meet again until the moment of the latter's departure from Aiken. And she was only one of a number who drove to the station to see him off. Possibly to guard against his impulsive nature, she remained in her run-about during the brief farewell. And what they said to each other might have been (and probably was) heard by others.

Aiken felt that it had misjudged Larkin, and he departed in high favor. He had paid what he owed, so Aiken confessed to having misjudged his resources. He had suddenly stopped short in all evil ways so Aiken confessed to having misjudged his strength of character. He had announced that he was going out West to seek the bubble wealth. Aiken cheered him on and wished him well. And when Aiken heard the calmness of his farewells to Miss Tennant Aiken said: "And he seems to have gotten over that."

But Larkin had done nothing of the kind and he said to himself as he lay feverish and restless in his berth: "It isn't because she is so beautiful or so kind; it's because he always speaks the truth. Most girls lie about everything, not in so many words perhaps, but in fact. She doesn't. She lets you know what she thinks and where you stand. I like her. I don't stand very high."

Despair seized him. How is it possible to go into a strange world, with only nine hundred dollars in your pocket, and carve a fortune. When can I pay her back? What must I do if I fail. Then came thoughts that were as grains of comfort. Was her lending him money philanthropic pure and simple an attempt at increasing her love of mankind? Was it not rather an act emanating from affection for a particular man? If so the man misguided boy bird numbed out of the nest child that had escaped from its nurse was not hard to find. "I could lay my finger on him," thought Larkin and he did so, five fingers somewhat grandiosely upon the chest. A gas lamp peered at him over the curtain pole, snores shook the imprisoned atmosphere of the car. And Larkin's thoughts flitted from the past and future to the present.

A question that he now asked himself was: "Do women snore?" And "If people cannot travel in drawing-rooms why do they travel at all?" The safety of his nine hundred dollars worried him. He knelt up to look in the inside pocket of his jacket and bumped his head, a full, solid bump. Pale golden stars shaped like the enlarged pictures of snowflakes, streamed across his consciousness. But the money was safe.

Already his nostrils were irritable with cinders; he attempted to blow them clear, and failed. He was terribly thirsty. He wished very much to smoke. Whichever way he turned the frogs on the uppers of his pajamas made painful holes in him. He woke at last with two coarse blanket wrapped firmly about his head and shoulders, and the rest of him half naked, gritty with cinders and as cold as a well curb. Through the ventilators (tightly closed) daylight was struggling with gaslight. The car smelled of stale steam, and man. The car wheels played a headachy tune to the meter of the

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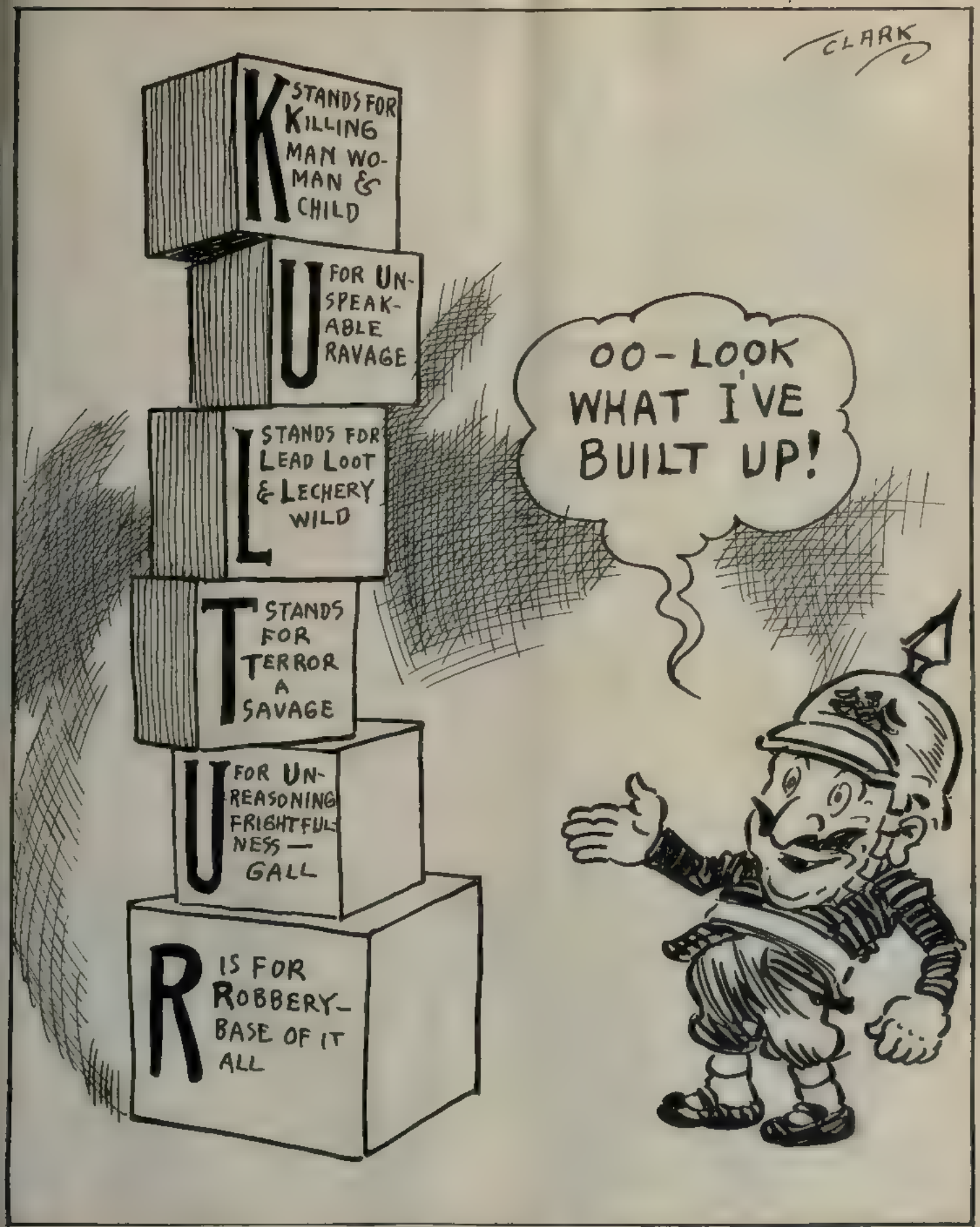
CLARK
K STANDS FOR KILLING MAN WO-MAN & CHILD
U FOR UN-SPEAK-ABLE RAVAGE
L STANDS FOR LEAD LOOT & LECHERY WILD
T STANDS FOR TERROR A SAVAGE
U FOR UN-REASONING FRIGHTFUL-NESS — GALL
R IS FOR ROBBERY— BASE OF IT ALL
OO-LOOK WHAT I'VE BUILT UP!

BE CAREFUL, WILLIE, LEST IT FALL ON YOU

In the Forefront

SIR JOHN EATON, THE KNIGHT OF THE BIGGEST STORE; JEAN BLEWETT, POET AND STORY WRITER; SIR PERCY GIROUARD KITCHENER'S RIGHT HAND MAN

The Knight of the Biggest Store

Sir John Eaton whose twenty thousand subjects find him a beneficent ruler

By Helen V. Islington

EVERY time an Ontario town hits the ten thousand mark another city is credited to the Dominion. But if the employees of The T. Eaton Co.—Toronto, Montreal, and Winnipeg—were to be mustered out and settled by themselves you could make two cities.

Supposing you put Eatontown with its western edge at Toronto's Kingston Road and Unionthyville with its eastern boundary at Port Credit and then blew a whistle and arranged the inhabitants in line between them, they'd touch hands all the way across the nineteen miles! If you marched them out in like array and added the average daily Eaton shopping crowd in behind, they'd reach well on to twice the distance between Toronto and Hamilton!

But no matter how big a pyramid may be there's just the one stone at the top. And Sir John, who was a Birthday Knight of this year, is the T. E. Co. crown and summit.

To be sure he was born up there. Sir John was. He didn't have to climb. But, Timothy Eaton, who built the great structure being just the sort of wonderful man you'd expect the future head of the firm was given a free ride to the bottom and asked please to work up. And he did.

This is probably the reason for Sir John's broad sympathies, his concern for the ordinary man with his ordinary hands in his ordinary pockets, and his determination not altogether unmindful of the interests of the T. E. Co. to keep the hands at their maximum skill by suitably refilling the pockets.

Sir John has two ways of doing this—no three. He gives to public enterprises largely. He remunerates his employees fairly. He treats the buying public honorably.

Someone remarked not long ago that his total contribution to things owned by other people or the community was up to a million. And this was before the hundred thousand dollar Fort Battery was added and the private yacht 'Florence' turned over to the Militia Department. The Toronto General Hospital, the Y. M. C. A., Victoria College and the Eaton Memorial Church have benefitted most largely and will doubtless continue to do so.

But after all it isn't the dressed-up photo that tells you the subject's real character. It's the snap shot.

J. C. Eaton was in Montreal when the *Empress of Ireland* was sunk and the penniless survivors returned stricken and stunned and friendless.

"He just lost his head that's what," said a worldly minded acquaintance, "why he fairly shelled out money! He said he didn't care if the people were good to me. They needed it. We

SIR JOHN AND LADY EATON ON BOARD THE YACHT "FLORENCE"

that was enough for him. He brought a crowd of them up to Toronto on Saturday and after the store was closed, he took them all in and outfitted the whole bunch

And indeed this is just the sort of uncalculating generosity that you would expect from an enthusiastic yachtsman, who is also his own most reckless chauffeur and the owner of a big pipe organ which he plays like a master. But then—the original Eaton came from Ireland, which is excuse enough for anything.

When that same Eaton first began to talk "bargains" to the people, in his little Toronto store, started in 1859, he was dynamiting the old science of Canadian business and putting up the steel structure for the new. And every time an advance has been made along this line, even if John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, yet his soul goes marching on.

He it was who started the early closing idea, and all the Eaton employees, together with many other fortunates whose firms have followed suit, get the benefit of an eight-thirty-to-five day, with one o'clock as the benediction hour on Saturday. When a public holiday comes on a Friday, all the little Eatonettes may go out of town for the week-end, just as if they owned limousines, for Saturday sees nobody inside the Big Store but the wax ladies and gentlemen who smile at the windows.

And when four hundred and ninety two men from the store and factories decided that E. stood for Empire even more than it did for Eatons, the little "On Active Service" card in the time-room didn't disqualify them for a pay envelope. Every single man still living draws half, and every married man, full salary.

Last winter things looked pretty dark you remember. Big factories were of course still running full time, but the little fellows were getting out their poor stepladders and tacking "Closed" signs on their front doors.

Then the Biggest Store came to the rescue with a co-operative proposition.

"If you'll let us have one, two or three lines at cost, all that we can dispose of for a month," the T. E. Co. said, "we'll sell them at cost too. You won't make directly and we won't make. But the public will get bargains, your work people and ours will be given employment and the whole current of trade will be hustled along."

The little fellows jumped, you may be sure. One waist manufacturer in Montreal untacked his sign, got in a hundred hands and ran overtime to make the order. Incidentally the present writer who doesn't live in Toronto and didn't know anything about the experiment, happened to go into the Big Store while the sale was on, and bought a blouse whose price ticket is pinned into a favorite and strictly feminine corner of her mind as evidence of one of the greatest bargains she ever landed.

Such actions on the part of the Dominion's most dependable firms give the public courage. No wonder that Canada's export trade in manufactured goods as announced in May had jumped from $5,997,277 for that month of 1914 to $16,121,149 for 1915.

Christmas was marvellous. Toyland flourished, all a-dance around Santa Claus, and although the department had decreased space, the result showed a bigger sale than ever.

Part of this was doubtless due to the indefatigable advertising staff that *will* put on a new stunt every season or die in the attempt. The Santa Spectacle employed a hundred and eighteen kiddies and grown ups from the mother right down to her wee baby who was good enough never, never to cry on the stage.

The latest festival introduced was the May Day Fete of this spring, where seventy-two young sprigs from three to six years old drew a bigger audience than has ever attended an Eaton event before.

"They were a great little human salad, those kiddies," said a man who had to do with them, "young Violet there—front row with her chin in her hands—haled from the Ward. One of the little girls behind her will own lots of money when she grows up and one of the boys—I won't say which—has a near relative who is a lawmaker of the most exalted sort."

"But I thought children weren't allowed on the stage," I objected

"Oh no," said my informant with a grin, "the only thing forbidden is that they get a paycheck for it. It's quite easy however, to—er—see that interesting presents find their way to certain homes."

Every day during the rehearsal-and-performance week of breathlessness, a big Seeing-Toronto tallyho called at a formerly soberminded church on Perth Avenue, whence some sixty imps and fairies presently appeared with unsabbatic whoops, and were driven through a town that thoroughly appreciated them, to their destination in the Big Store.

"We couldn't starve them you know and yet their mothers might have objected to miscellaneous feeding," my informant said, "so we just gave them arrowroot biscuits. Say, there were enough eaten to set up a small shop!"

And then, when the rehearsal was over and the future Drews and Terrys were piling in again, everybody from the gracious leading lady down, received—a bag of candy!

JEAN BLEWETT

Jean Blewett

Poet and Story Writer

By Irene B. Wrenshall

ONCE in a while, like the perfume of old time mignonette, or the lovely garden rose which attempt no comparison with the exotics of the conservatory—forced into bloom for a moment's passing show—one comes across a character or personality, which by its unconscious charm, its strength and sincerity of purpose, attains a place in the minds and hearts of the people which would never be gained by all the trumpet blowing in the world. It matters little in such a case just how the personality is placed. The genius, which is more often than not an excess, a very over-flow of human sympathy, and a thorough understanding of human nature, will burn, whether it is placed upon the hill-top or in the valley. Such a personality is Jean Blewett—so often called "our own Canadian poet"—so thoroughly Canadian is she in every thought and feeling

The Canadian children who learn by heart her poetry, scattered through the various Readers, love her without hardly understanding why. Somehow it is easier to learn her stanzas than those of other poets and they don't

need to be explained. But those who know her personally can fathom the reason. As someone remarked recently after a visit to the brown bungalow which looks down into the green heart of High Park in summer, or watches with the benign sympathetic eyes of the mistress of it, the young people tobogganing or snow-shoeing down the wooded slopes in the winter. Her writing is just as she talks. You get a poem or a dear homey story every time she speaks. It's little wonder then that when anyone needs advice or counsel it's generally to Mrs. Blewett that they go. Or if any of the teachers of the province, those hard working individuals upon whom such a tremendous responsibility is placed get "blue," it's the poetess they call upon to open the door leading into sunshine and blue skies again. "I love to talk to the teachers," she will tell you, in her soft celtic tones — for she is Highland Scotch on both sides—"I feel as if I understood the things that discourage them — and I could talk for hours to them to cheer them up." It doesn't seem natural to ask Mrs. Blewett if she is a suffragette, or a believer in the various political questions of the day. You know quite well that the same outlook upon life which drifts through her writings, the same tender compassion for need, and the enthusiasm for right will cover those things without a word. Home is her hobby she confesses, and in all her lecturing and her talks given to thousands, you feel the same throb of the centre of the universe.

If you ask her that time-worn question as to when she began to write, she will confess that she was but sixteen, living in her old home near Scotia, in Kent county by the shores of Lake Erie. It was a girlish poem entitled, "Sunbeam and Shadow," and idealistic as possible but it caught the fancy of the editor of Frank Leslie's Monthly, and was published almost immediately. "I heard nothing from it for what seemed to me a long time," she said, "but one day I went into the city, and had dinner at the hotel, and among their magazines was the newest issue of the Monthly. I picked it up, and there, the first thing in the book was my poem. It was put in so nicely and with the surroundings occupied the whole page, and the editor had made a note of it, calling me their youngest contributor.

"In a few days I got a letter from the editor enclosing me a cheque for five dollars and telling me that the poem was accepted as much for the letter which accompanied it as for itself."

Immediately after this Jean Blewett began to write for the *Globe*, then under the editorship of Sir John Willison, who commented editorially upon her poem "Good Night" which was the first to appear in the *Globe*.

Since the first little poem appeared in the *Globe* that day, that publication and many others, Canadian, English and American have been enriched with both poetry and prose—fireside stories, of life, East and West—on the farm—in the city, or in the village, or verse, strong and true of ideal, and deeply expressive. For Jean Blewett has had the most liberal of educations, —a close touch with human nature both in the old world and the new She has gathered inspiration from poo and rich alike.

One of her earliest honors was the winning of a prize of six hundred do for a poem on "Spring" from the Chicago *Times-Herald*.

It is an easy matter to understand what a picture of spring she drew, th lover of nature who revels in the le lights of her native land as only a Canadian can do

Following swiftly upon the first larger honor came others.

When the London England Board of Education were bringing out their readers for the various schools the wrote to Mr Blewett to ask for her poem "Native Born," as hers ha been selected from the poems of this country to represent Canada among the poems from each of the colonies. The request came at the same time with this letter Mr Blewett laughingly showed The request came to Jean Blewett Upon strongly worded letter with the poem and the request was accompanied asked in old fashioned journalism what her she should undertake them. Most emphatically no," was the answer The would never believe a woman capable being chosen the poet to represent Canada Which, hardly fair to the English critics but the advice was followed and in store to the poem "Native Born" was to the effect that the poem was the work of the "eminent Canadian man of letters, Jean Blewett"

It's the human touch in her stories that appeals most to her Canadian readers perhaps, though the same humanity runs through every line of her verse One time in the west, Mrs. Blewett and her daughter each took with them a camera. When they returned home, while her daughter had dozens of films, Mrs. Blewett had only one. It was typical, for as her daughter told her, "You won't take a picture unless there is a person in it Each individuality is a per-

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She Just Keeps House For Me

The following is one of Mrs. Blewett's best known poems and a selection which she frequently chooses for recitation, since it embodies her own philosophy of life and "woman's rights."

SHE is so winsome and so wise
She sways us at her will
And oft the question will arise,
What mission does she fill?
And so I say with pride untold
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

A full content dwells in her face,
She's quite in love with life,
And for a title, wears with grace
The sweet old-fashioned "Wife,"
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

What though I toil from morn till night,
What though I weary grow,
A spring of love and dear delight
Doth ever softly flow,
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
The woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

Our children climb upon her knee
And lie upon her breast,
And ah! her mission seems to me
The highest and the best,
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

Colonel Sir Percy Girouard

Kitchener's "right hand man," Lloyd-George's Lieutenant and Chief Organizer of the Committee to secure Munitions

By Madge Macbeth

A VERY small boy sat in a corner of his nursery, apart from the other children, diligently transferring a collection of tin soldiers by means of toy trains, from one side of a map to the other. The maps were covered with lines along which the transports travelled, as intricate a system to the uninitiated as one might see in the C. P. R. yards in Montreal, to-day.

There were no collisions, no delays. The little boy saw to that. He also arranged that all his trains should not be empty or full at the same time. He had tremendously interesting flagging systems, and he worked out plans for the transport of the greatest number of tin soldiers in the shortest possible time from one station to another. He fed them at way-stations and carried supplies with the men. As years went by and he still worked at his maps and trains, he perfected his system so that there was no wasted trackage. He was interested in little else.

And as he played he tilted his fair head sidewise.

For years, no one knew that the sight of little Percy Girouard's right eye was very defective. He was never the sort to complain.

The child's father, a widower, did not take great interest in these shipments. He thought them a rather waste of time, and decided to send the boy off to school where he would be obliged to study along more useful lines. So Edouard Percy Cranwill, son of Mr. Justice Désiré and Mme. (Essie Cranwill) Girouard born in Montreal, January, 26th, 1867 went when still a little boy to the Seminary at Three Rivers in order that he might learn something more useful than railroading!

He did not like the Seminary. In the first place he could not speak his father's tongue, having learned only English at his mother's knee, and he did not take much interest in the boys or their games. Then, too he had no taste for mathematics; one might as well confess that he hated grammar, and Latin was not extremely interesting. The long and short of it was that he hated a school which taught nothing of military matters or the transportation of troops.

Edouard Percy Cranwill Girouard ran away

His father and step-mother returned from a trip to their handsome home and found the lad, then a boy of about fifteen waiting for them.

"I've run away from the Seminary, father," he said, somewhat after the manner of another truth-telling son, whose name looms large in the history of our southern neighbor. "I am going to Kingston. I've already written M. (afterward Sir Adolphe) Caron about it."

"Very well," replied the Judge struggling between astonishment and amusement, "it is your own affair. You must make all the necessary arrangements."

He did.

He studied under a tutor all summer and in the following autumn—1882—he entered the Royal Military College, the youngest pupil ever admitted.

His sense of humor crops out in a letter written to his father shortly after this triumph.

"It was a good thing," he wrote, "that they examined my good eye, instead of the other—or both!"

Graduating in 1886, he was anxious to get immediately into the Army. A consolation to other ambitious youngsters may be gleaned from the fact that he failed in his examinations, and philosophically did the next best thing. He got a berth with the C. P. R., and for two years was engaged in practical railroading in the state of Maine. Just about this time, several extra commissions were placed at the disposal of the Dominion, by the British Government, and Girouard obtained a second Lieutenancy in the Royal Engineers.

He went to Chatham for a few months, studying hard, and then on to Woolwich where it was soon discovered that the young Canadian knew more about practical railroading than his superior officers. His promotion was, therefore, incredibly rapid, and at twenty three he was appointed Traffic Manager of the Royal Arsenal Railroad.

The interested observer might have stepped into his office and might have seen a fair head bent low over charts and plans just as it had been nearly twenty years before. Only instead of transporting tin men and make-believe supplies across maps on the floor, the young manager was diligently figuring how he could save coal. I am not a practical railroader, so I can't tell you how. I can only tell you that he did, to the tune of some six hundred pounds a year, which was not too bad for a bally Colonial, doncherknow!

Having brought his road as near perfection as good management could bring it, Lieutenant Girouard turned his restless energy into a scheme for the coast protection of England. A masterly paper written on the subject, created widespread interest, and a part of his scheme has been adopted. He has since written other articles on a large variety of subjects.

It is not within the range of imaginative possibility that so brilliant a man could remain long hidden from the keen eye of Kitchener, who was ever on the alert for the best men the Empire could produce. And he at once decided that here was a man, probably the best available man, to undertake the construction of the railway across the

COLONEL GIROUARD IN THE PICTURESQUE DRESS OF A MAJOR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY

Soudan, a stupendous piece of work, but a necessary one if the British troops were ever to reach Khartoum from Dongola.

A little influence was all which was required in the transfer of Lieutenant Girouard from the Arsenal to Egypt where he was to be not the least of the factors who won for England her victories.

The story of that railroad's building reads like a romance—a good old fashioned romance in which a happy termination is only accomplished after troublous scenes with villains, arch-villains and various lesser unsympathetic characters. One cannot go into the desert and make it seeth and hum without a struggle

The work began with a voluminous report comprising several hundred pages from the Lieutenant to his Chief in which he set forth all the materials he would require from rails and ties down to the number of hand spikes. . . which was not too bad for a boy who never could endure mathematics!

The work ended even more interestingly, from a mathematical point of view, for he saved the British Government TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS beside completing the road in the time specified!

The interim is filled with such a wealth of incident as to be bewildering One story reminding me of this was told by a U. S. contractor. A superintendent came down the line to inspect a certain piece of work and found that it was not being accomplished with enough speed to suit him. He wheeled upon his foreman rather sharply and complained.

"I'm doin' all I can," replied the man.

"Well," snapped the superintendent, "You'll have to do more than you can, then. You're wasting both time and money. Get more work out of your men."

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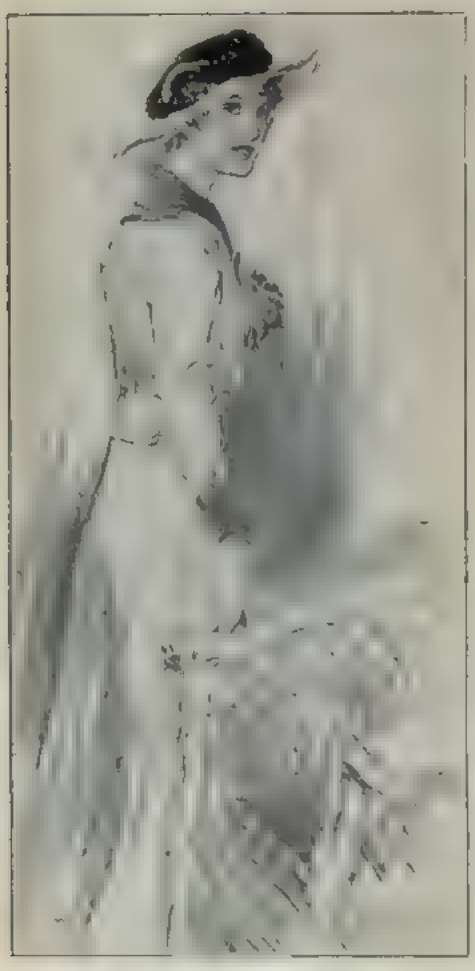
Appearing In Manuscript



COUSIN LUCILE TURNED BACK TO REPEAT HER ASSURANCE THAT JIMMY WOULD BE SUCCESSFUL—IN SOMETHING

WHEREIN THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATION OF FUNDS SPELLS, "THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW" FOR JIMMY

By Helen E. Williams

Illustrated by E. C. Lonsbury

LEFT-HANDED Jimmy was hard up. Not the first time in his brief and somewhat checkered career, but before there had always been some member of the family who had weakened when confronted by Jimmy's frank young face and had "the facts of the case" laid before them by Jimmy's guilelessly guileful tongue. But this time they were adamant.

It was not as if they were poor. There might have been some excuse for them, then. But they, the Brittons, were rich, grossly almost vulgarly rich, Jimmy had been made to feel by the scions of less moneyed parentage. No. He could have given class dinners at every hour of the day and night, had the spirit moved him, but for the perverted notions extant as to how wealthy men's sons should be brought up. Some people had weird, quixotic ideas that unlimited funds at one's disposal naturally resulted in bounders. Consequently he was fed and clothed and educated and travelled, but given a monthly pittance, which most effectually curtailed his native propensity for lavish expenditure.

He had learned the futility of expostulating with the powers that be, and had for the most part contrived by the proverbial hook and crook to sustain his reputation for doing his part in college circles. But lately his inability to say "No" had let him in for more than he had any immediate prospect to call his own. And his tentative appeal to the head of the establishment had been productive of nothing more substantial than strictures upon the salutary effect of learning to govern your inclinations, and even if you are possessed of much being able to get along with little. Jimmy recognized the sound common sense of the advice as one is apt to do when it is beyond one's power to profit by it. But the interview left him low-spirited. He had not actually said he was in debt. His father had not, in so many words, refused to advance him money. But it amounted to the same thing. He had got himself into a scrape. Let him get out of it. That was the attitude the family took. And in view of his past record, he had to acknowledge that it might by an impartial mind be considered justifiable. But he was not impartial. And he had to have that money.

He wandered disconsolately about the grounds, and finally sought refuge in the library, where he would be most likely to be unmolested. All sorts of possible and impossible alternatives by which he could raise the money passed through his mind, only to be rejected. As he dismissed the last with a rueful, "No. That wouldn't work," his eye fell on a current magazine, and he started.

A second cousin of his had once written an article, which had been

accepted by it, and to the accompaniment of a cheque with three figures on it. And it had not been much of an article, either. He remembered thinking at the time that they must have been jolly hard up for material to put it in, and that he could have written something better himself. That was the stunt. He would write an article to pay off his debt. He had travelled pretty much across Europe. There were some rather good anecdotes he could work in. True, he had never paid much attention to the part of travel, which he summed up as the Gothic and the picturesque. But all that sort of thing had been done to death. He had often seen it deplored that writers felt impelled to describe *what* they saw, instead of *how* they saw it. He would pass lightly over the "what" to the "how" in his article, strike the personal note. And when he had polished this one off, perhaps he would go on and write a series, and be independent of the family coffers. He wondered he had not thought of it before. Ideas seethed in his head There might be some difficulty in knowing where to stop.

When he came to start he experienced some trouble in knowing where to begin, and his first few pages were pretty much erasures. But it went better afterward, and his pen slid along so easily that he felt his respect for novelists diminishing. His sister, coming in and seeing the copious supply of paper littered about, wanted to know what he was writing, and his, "Oh, only an article," awed her by the offhand inflection he gave it.

"Will I disturb you, if I stay ?" she inquired, uncertain as to the ways of genius.

"Surely not. And talk if you like. I can write just as well."

"How clever you must be, Jimmy !" Gladys remarked, with all a younger sister's admiration.

"Oh, it's all in practise, you know."

The family were quite impressed by the literary bent Jimmy had developed. And when the second cousin called, told her he had "taken to writing, too."

"Go and get that article you wrote the other day and read it to your Cousin Lucile," his mother enjoined him. And, nothing loth, Jimmy departed, and soon "On the Wing" was having its first hearing. With the exception of Cousin Lucile, who, rather than cause any family estrangement cryptically delivered herself of assurances of its ultimate success, his audience were enraptured. How he could write such things ! How *think* them ! And with so little effort. . . .

Cousin Lucile smiled wanly, conscious of the reflection aimed at herself, remembering the hours of seclusion, thought and revision to which she subjected the least consequential of her output before she, all-fearfully, let it go. But Jimmy accepted their homage with easy grace and when Gladys asked how much he expected to get for it, mentioned a sum considerably in advance of his cousin's.

"Do authors receive as much as that for just short articles ?" his mother asked, impressed.

"Well, of course Cousin Lucile didn't get quite as much as that for hers, but you see mine is about twice as long, and treats of things no one could possibly know without actually visiting the places—and that counts for a great deal with an editor. Then, too, it's lighter. Now and then you'll find a 'person who can understand and appreciate the high-brow, involved style, but what the ordinary reader endowed with an average intellect relishes most is an article like mine It's really harder to write than the other. Anyone can write sense, but it takes genius to knock out nonsense, you know."

"Where are you going to send your article, Jimmy ?" his mother asked, deferentially.

"WILL I DISTURB YOU IF I STAY ?" SHE INQUIRED, UNCERTAIN AS TO THE WAYS OF GENIUS

"Well, Mater, I have just been thinking about that—just been thinking about that."

"Any of the big magazines ought to be glad of it," put in his sister loyally.

Cousin Lucile said nothing.

"You see the thing of it is this," explained Jimmy, drawing his chair up to his mother's with his most confidential and persuasive smile. "Every magazine has a certain standard of requirements, as they call them, and though your manuscript may be quite all right and its return in no way reflects upon its merit, as they are fair enough to state, if it doesn't happen to jibe with those precious 'requirements,' it's all up with it, so far as that particular magazine is concerned. At least that's how I have figured it out. And the only way writers can get round it is to keep their manuscripts trekking till they light upon a magazine whose 'requirements' are identical with the *motif* of their manuscript. And there they are. Isn't that so, Cousin Lucile ?"

"They have to be available, certainly."

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Whence the Gypsies

By Felix J. Koch

Illustrated from Photographs

AUTUMN, like Springtime, brings with it each year the gypsies. When the late autumnal hazes fall, as when, in the words of the poet:

"Under my window, spring-time sings,"

watch out for the caravan of gaily-hued wagons filing out the suburban highway to some convenient camp-ground near the river; watch out for the dark-skinned woman who comes to the back-door, presumably to tell fortunes, but more probably to pilfer any stray spoons your maid left handy; watch out for your hen-roost,—time was when one would have told you watch out for your children; though to-day kidnapping is almost *passe* with the gypsies. But, above all else, watch out for the autumn and the spring,—for they and the gypsies go hand in hand!

Whence come the gypsies?

Oh yes, your particular visitors, if you live in Ontario, will tell you they "did" the country from Windsor to Toronto, and if you live in the West they'll tell you they camped from Calgary to Winnipeg. So, back into their history, year on year, the story is the same. On these marches or these winter encampments, gypsies are born, grow up, marry, elect their queens and die, and they are buried often in the nearest country graveyard. But whence, originally, came these gypsies?

The one clue to the origin of this isolated, unlettered race, without tradition and without history, is in the names by which they are called: *ROUM* for Man and *ROMM* for Wife, and *ROMAIN* for their language. From this clue historians have overthrown the tradition of their Egyptian origin, a tradition so long given credence that some of the Gypsies of Western Asia and north Africa themselves have come to believe it. Other ethnologists, however, have gone a step or two farther. Taking the name *Zigeuner* as their clew, they discover Mesopotamian, Saraeen or even Indian origin, while some of them seem to trace a descent from the tribes that wandered from ancient Egypt. To-day the Indian idea seems to meet with most favor among students, although it is agreed that the gypsies must have left the Peninsula before 99 A.D., perhaps in the hordes of Genghis Khan. The conclusions are that they spent some time in Persia, whence one section of the tribe went via Syria to Egypt and to northern Africa, while another passed across Asia Minor to Turkey, entering Europe by way of Greece about 1398, when definite mention of a gypsy chieftain in Hellas is found. In the 14th century gypsy bands traversed the Balkans, and by 1417 were established over Hungary and Transylvania. Despised by the peoples among whom they came for the simple life they observed, they took refuge behind delusions, and claimed descent from ancient kings, though to-day these fables are scouted by those few who settled down to spending at least a year in one place

Gypsydom, however, is to be found to-day at its best in Hungary, at its worst, its most pitiable misery, in the heart of Roumania, where Romany is most numerous.

A gypsy town in Carmen Sylva's land is different from any other town in Europe. There is no semblance of city government, no hotel or even inn; in fact no place where even the plainest provisions may be purchased. One rides out from the nearest peasant village into the flats, where only an occasional wicker fence, such as the Gypsies are so clever at weaving, stretches off to mark a neighbor's fields, or one of the homes of watthng, coated with blue-painted adobe, or some of the long caravans of ox-teams plodding market-ward break the monotony of the farmland.

Then the Gypsy town, the home of some twenty to twenty-four families, all most closely inter-wed, is sighted, only little hillocks, three or four feet high, upon which the sod seems to grow greener than elsewhere, possibly because not so frequently walked over, and with a dog, half-breed of wolves, snarling at its litter on the mound. There is but one thing to indicate the proximity of a human settlement, and that is the children. Long before the first hillock is sighted, the Gypsy boys and girls, slapping their faces and tearing their hair until the tears start in their eyes, in order to evoke our pity, begin following our *droshky*, begging for a BANI or franc. Like the little Dutch boys along the canals of Monniekendam, who follow the tugs, begging, these gypsy children also have a set form of cry, far more plaintive and touching to the heart. However, they spoil their pleas by over-doing them, causing the visitor to become weary of paying for their self-inflicted pain.

Once ready to dismount at the village itself, the swarm of children is joined by the savage dogs, and between the yelps of these animals and the cries of the children the town is immediately informed of our arrival. From the curious under-ground homes, [illegible] men,

women, and babies appear in legion, verily rising from the ground.

The dwellings of Gypsydom, in Roumania, are subterranean throughout, narrow little cellars just under the surface, with the sloping roof of strong oak timbers, covered by a matting of reeds, upon which the soil, excavated for the dwellings, has been thrown to form a low mound. Occasionally this exterior will be smoothed over, and even given a coat of whitewash, but usually it is left as the soil chances to fall. One low door pierces the home and to it a path is dug through the earth, much as are the entries to snow forts of our boys and girls at home. In winter, when the deep snows almost block these roads, the Gypsy boys tunnel through the ice perforce, in order that they may quit their dwellings, and it is not an unusual thing for a prowling wolf to fall suddenly through the crust into such arcade. Occasionally a little portico, where strings of fish from the brook dry in the summer, adorns the forefacade of these homes.

Gypsy life, however, is little concerned with the home; we are back in the age of the nomads, and nomadic to the last degree is the character of such a village, fitted for use to-day and left to the moles and the hungry dogs without regret on the morrow. Everyone living out-of-doors and staying outside to the hour of retiring, the brown-skinned, dark-eyed men and the women and the children, happy-go-lucky as the American negro, are out in the open, spending their leisure time smoking at the door-side or sauntering among the dogs and the pigs in the road, down to the edge of the corn-fields and the meadows that stretch off to all horizons, their undulating waves broken only here and there by the tremendous Rouman hay stacks for hay in this region is the one great staple and the peasants are forced to gather it all into one large communal stack, that possible incendiaries may suffer with their victims. Vast patches of red peppers, furnishing the national dish of this region, cabbage-fields and tomato-patches also encompass Gypsyland, and to these Bulgarians come to work in the summer, since irrigation from the Danube has made these lands so fertile. But the Gypsies look on and idle.

The road-side, too, swarms with the Gypsies. They loll in the shade of sweet-scented accacias. Though small in stature, the clear-cut, oval features make these folk beautiful to the lover of native types,—the black eyes piercing from beneath the wild, black hair, the pearly teeth standing out against the olive and the brown of the complexion, and the slight, dainty hands and unshod feet adding to the picture

Reticent only as to their origin, which they claim their elders alone know, these people have a certain frankness and kindliness refreshing to the sojourner among the Balkan folk. Their story, as they tell it, out under the trees, is that of the nomad par excellance:—

"We came here from a camp ground at——, and came there from another at——, and so on, so far back as the oldest *roum* can remember. On these stops we were born, we wed and we will die, and, as were our ancestors, so we will be buried beside the trail We stop when our leader wills it and build our homes. We work for a year for some landed proprietor, who settles for all of us with the chief—and then we go on, and on, and on."

Dismounting and approaching the huts, they remind us of nothing so much as the dug-outs of Iceland or the cyclone-cellars of Kansas, save for the little portico which the larger hovels possess—of thatch or of reeds, cut from governmental preserves on the Danube

Crossing the slanted earth floor of this veranda, stooping low at the doorway, one passes underground into a dark, foully-aired chamber, much the shape of a tent, due to the sloping side-walls meeting at an angle overhead, and closed off by a perpendicular framework behind. The supports to these walls are a dozen or more logs, that protrude like ribs into the interior, over which small limbs are laid. The earth, taken over when exhuming the burrow, is thrown over the tops for support. Inside, this soil is smoothed into adobe between the slats, and finally, coated with whitewash. An open hearth, where a cat or two lie, a circular table standing six inches from the ground and serving the entire family; a toy chair, which is the elder's seat—the rest of the family squatting on the earth and a chest or two—constitute the furnishings of the chamber. Two walls of wattling extend upward from the ground to the slanting roof, at right and left, giving the hut a pair of side-chambers, intensely dark and cramped and more fit for wild beasts' lairs than human habitations. In fact in all Europe no more abject homes than these miserable Gypsy huts are to be found.

Smaller families will utilize one of these two cubbies—they do not rise to the dignity of rooms—for barn and stable, where disconsolate geese and chickens mope in the dark, with a miserable cow or hog, beneath a single slit of window.

The other wing of the dwelling consists of a similar apartment, though this may be extended a trifle, and, when whitewashed and given a window or two, possesses a certain coziness, despite its utter poverty and compression

This is the parlor and living-room of the home, and here the Gypsy wife keeps her choicest possessions. Over the latter the Gypsy, when at home, is fond of puttering, between twirlings of his whiskers — picturesque, he, in long gingham shirt of

THE PICTURESQUE DRESS OF THE ROUMANIAN GYPSIES IS IN MARKED CONTRAST TO THAT OF THE CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES OF THE TRIBE

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The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly." "The Whispering Man." etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl was a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in a solid ice vault in a ball gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder hears a noise and finds a candle still warm but a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Cannes to get rid of the ghosts and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist has painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He leaves to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The boat about her head fell and it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is astounded, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him, suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris a year after Claire Meredith left. Was it the right, or was Dr. Crow actually crazy? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some certain sentence in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl in the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this" displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raised spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original between Jeffrey screwed this off. Richards exclaims: "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice!" between them. Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to burn it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant who lives across the street, but says she fears the police. A séance is held at Gwendolyn's house where the terrified girl sees in the sphere the murdered girl screams and faints. An unknown man presents himself at the door and asks for Irene Fournier by name. While in the next room Gwendolyn explains the trick the false medium has used when Drew returns to find the latter still in a trance, and apparently unable to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fainted on hearing the name she knew Irene Fournier by, and is carried in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith's passion for psychic materialization, but was unable to trace the client to return. Irene then disappears, while the portrait was stolen for Home. The evening ends with the words, "I must leave," which Richards accepts, but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later, on returning to ask the latter's name the medium has established an alibi. Jeffrey has been to Beech Hill Miss Meredith's country home. On the way up the train he passes a sleepless night owing to a seemingly crazy woman and her nurse in the next stateroom. A chat at breakfast next morning with Miss Meredith's pretty peasant girl who was met by her husband's family in Lafond as a result of Claire's letter to Jeffrey, and poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its bottom out, and noticed a place where the murderer towed the body out into the river and sunk it with several shots. He had a very long talk with Miss Meredith, a stately, intimating old lady who told him she had been warning Claire against Dr. Crow but could not prevent her leaving control him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Meredith her companion who pointed out the other in the latter's name. Jeffrey saw again a lady's face on which the moon fell, this time through the window of Miss Meredith's room. Miss Meredith upstairs of the next stateroom. He remembers the crazy voice which was "over and over, 'She's dead, I knew her when she was a girl.'" When he told all this to Drew at the latter's office that night the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow enters, tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith, hurries on that she was dead, and that he had substituting a clear print for a pin-pricked photo of Claire which his patient had taken, after the séance. The Salem witch [illegible] Claire to the [illegible] her seat to receive [illegible] and had [illegible] her [illegible], but the new photo made her [illegible] green. Irene [illegible] had [illegible] her and [illegible] Crow finishes his narrative. Jeffrey [illegible] Jeffrey tells Drew that Crow has sent it, and that at last the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary.

CHAPTER XV.

A NIGHT RIDE.

ALL he waited for was my somewhat dubious nod of assent. Already he was in my desk-chair, and by unhooking the telephone-receiver he cut short the flood of questions I'd have overwhelmed him with, if he'd given me the chance.

"There's a taxi-stand on the corner, isn't there? That'll be quicker than phoning for one. Do you mind getting it?"

I answered by catching up my coat and hat. "While you're at the phone, though," said I, "do you mind calling my house and telling Jack or Gwendolyn that I sha'n't be home to-night. Luckily Madeline's away."

"That's a good notion, Drew." He spoke as though it were a particularly shrewd idea, and not in the least saturically either. Evidently it had suggested something to him so instantaneously that he thought the suggestion itself had come from me. He often did that. I wondered what the idea was, but he waved me away, so I rushed out after the taxi and left him to arrange matters his own way.

When I came back with the cab, I found him waiting at the curb. That

surprised me, because I had got the idea that secrecy was to be part of the programme. If any one were on the watch, it would be easy enough to see us starting off together, at any rate. Just as Jeffrey took his seat beside me another taxi came up behind, rather slowly, as if waiting to see what we wanted of the road before it tried to pass.

Jeffrey glanced back at it and then called an address to our own chauffeur. The address was that of my own house up-town!

In a moment I thought I had the idea. The taxi behind meant to follow us and Jeffrey had called out that address to throw them off the trail.

Our chauffeur, with a warning gesture to the car behind, pulled out into the road and turned around, the other taxi checking up at the curb to give us room. The occupant of it was an insignificant looking young man who gave you an impression of flashiness and shabbiness all at the same time. He didn't look at us at all, seemed to be looking along for a street number. His taxi was still jogging along close to the curb when we turned the corner.

"We needn't have taken so much trouble to mislead him after all," said I. "I thought for an instant he was a detective, and so, evidently, did you. What address do you really want to go to?"

"That's the right address for your house, isn't it?"

"What are we going to my house for?" I demanded.

"Why," said Jeffrey, "I thought that was your own idea? But it doesn't matter which of us thought of it," he went on as I started to protest. "It's the right place for us to go."

At that the light went out of his eyes and he leaned back limply against the cushions, so completely absorbed in the train of thought that was occupying him that I hadn't the heart for any more questions.

The taxi was chugging along, not so very fast, and I, with the need for haste that Jeffrey had impressed upon me strongly in mind, reached for the speaking tube and was about to tell the chauffeur to speed up a little, when Jeffrey took it away from me and shook his head.

"No hurry," he said. "He's going fast enough."

So by the time we had pulled up at my own door I was pretty completely mystified.

There was another car standing there, and when we got near enough, I recognized it as Jack's big touring car. Evidently he and Gwendolyn were going out somewhere, for the door opened just as our car stopped and they came down the steps.

"Shall we want the taxi again, Jeffrey?" I asked.

"No," he said. "We're through with him."

So I turned to pay the driver. Jeffrey lounged out of the cab and at sight of him, Gwendolyn and Jack both exclaimed their pleasure at the meeting.

I got my change back from the driver of the taxi and then, just as I was turning away to join the group, I saw another taxi round the corner. It might have been fancy, but I thought I recognized it for the same car that had come up behind us just as we were leaving my office. We had been followed then, after all. The car was jogging along in no greater hurry than we seemed to be in ourselves.

"WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE GOING TO DO WITH YOURSELVES?" ASKED GWENDOLYN AS WE CAME UP

"What are you people going to do with yourselves?" asked Gwendolyn as we came up.

"Why, I don't know," said Jeffrey. "We've nothing in particular to do. Why?"

"Then come along and dine with us," said Jack. "We're going down to dine at one of the restaurants."

All the while the other taxi had been drawing closer. Just as it came opposite us, Jeffrey said:

"We'll have to run away afterward. We've an engagement for the end of the evening."

"Let's waste no time beginning it then," said Jack, and he caught Jeffrey by the arm and began pushing him toward the car.

"All right," said Jeffrey.

I followed without a word. The other taxi had gone by, still rather slowly.

Our car started off with a jump the minute the door was shut behind me. Evidently the chauffeur had been told what to do. At the corner we turned to the right, which was natural enough, if one wanted to follow the avenue down-town. But at the first corner we whipped around to the right again and in a minute were flying along on the high speed, northward.

"We timed that pretty well, I think," said Gwendolyn. "I never dressed so fast in my life and I'm sure the hooks up my back are just caught into anything. But it certainly went as smoothly as if it had been rehearsed. I was so afraid I wouldn't be able to say Lafayette at the right time. But he did hear, I'm sure." She turned and peered out of the little back window. "And he isn't following."

"Oh, it worked," said Jeffrey, "like a charm. Even when we don't turn up at the Lafayette, he won't know that we haven't changed our minds and gone to some other restaurant."

"An awful clever idea," said Gwendolyn.

"Drew thought of it," said Jeffrey.

"All I thought of," said I, "was to ask Jeffrey to telephone you that I shouldn't be home to-night. Whenever I've tried to ask him any questions since, about what all these manœuvers meant, he's told me it was my own idea. But I've only just got it through my head what it's all about. Did Jeffrey also tell you," I concluded, "where we were going and what we are going to do, and did he tell you that this was my idea too?"

"He only told us," said Gwendolyn, "that you were going to burgle Beech Hill."

I don't believe any professional ever spoke of cracking a crib more casually than Gwendolyn did.

"I think I've got everything you need in here," she said, "everything

you spoke of, and I have put in an extra suit of clothes of Cliff's and one of Jack's for you. It ought to fit pretty well, I think. And then, if anything happens, if your looks get damaged or anything, the fresh clothes will be much more respectable."

"Bully for you," Jeffrey said. "You know you people are a pair of trumps to turn in and help us out this way. We're making criminals of you too. 'Accessories before the fact.' That's the term, isn't it, Drew?"

"We're going to be ever so much more 'accessory' than you think," said Gwendolyn. "We're going all the way to Oldborough. Oh, Jack says it's all right," she went on in answer to my movement of protest. "What's the sense of our getting off at the ferry and going back when we can just as well go all the way and see the fun?"

"I don't doubt if it turns out to be precisely a picnic," said Jeffrey seriously. "I don't see exactly how we're going to work the trick ourselves. And as for taking a gallery along to cheer—"

"Gallery, indeed!" said Gwendolyn indignantly. "I don't believe you have figured it out. What are you going to do with the car while you're burgling? You can't go chugging right up the driveway in it. If you leave it beside the road somewhere, it will attract as much attention as an elephant. If you send it to the garage in Oldborough just with James, that'll look queer, and if you appear yourselves and don't go to the hotel, then you'll have to be accounted for. If you send the car home without you, then you'll have to take a train or the day boat, and that may turn out to be awkward too."

"You've got the difficulties down cold," said Jeffrey, "but I'm hoping that the spur of the moment will supply us with something."

"Wait till you've heard my plan," said Gwendolyn. "Then perhaps you'll apologize for the word 'gallery.'"

"You can't help four people being more conspicuous than two," said Jeffrey with a shake of the head.

"It needs people to account for the car," Gwendolyn retorted. "Jack and I can do that to-night and to-morrow morning. We look pretty respectable. When we turn up at the Oldborough hotel with a punctured tire, no matter what time of night it is, no one will think that there's anything queer about it. And you won't have to appear at all."

"You're right," said Jeffrey. "I withdraw the word 'gallery' and apologize. In the morning, of course, you'll start out for town and pick us up at some lonely bend of the road."

"Perhaps," said Gwendolyn. "But we thought we'd take two rooms—on the ground floor, because I'll be nervous about fire. We'll only use one of them and leave the other so that if you happen to need a place to hide in, or change your clothes again, you'll have it. We'll leave the window open a little and something, oh a towel—hanging over the sill so you'll know. You may not want it but it may come in handy."

Jeffrey laughed. "Richards says you ought to be a member of the force," he observed, "but upon my word, I believe your real talent is for crime."

"It's pretty much the same," she said rather soberly. "You've got to be able to think crimes either to commit them or to detect them."

"I'd argue that point with you," said Jeffrey, "if duty didn't call me to the front. That chauffeur of yours knows the town like the palm of his hand, but it's a dark night and once we get out on the country roads, a cat eyed person like me, who can see in the dark, will be helpful."

We didn't protest very strongly against his going, because we had seen from his air of preoccupation that he wanted the solitude of his own thoughts rather than our talk.

He opened the door, slipped out on the running-board and clambered into the seat beside the chauffeur.

His going turned loose a flood of questions and surmises. What puzzled Jack and me the most was the object of this night journey. What purpose had Jeffrey in mind that could justify this rush in the dark, the risk of detection and capture in the very act of committing a crime? For house-breaking was a crime, even if one didn't mean to make away with the family jewels or plate.

"Whatever his object is," said Jack, "why doesn't he tell us?"

"I doubt if he could tell us any better than he has," said Gwendolyn. "He's found out enough, evidently, to make it clear to him that the crime was committed in that house and his instinct tells him if he can get into the house and look at the actual scene, he will see something that will explain the crime itself!"

Then she set me to work recounting the events of the afternoon—Richard's call, Jeffrey's arrival and the narrative of his adventures on his former visit to Beech Hill, and finally the coming of Dr. Crow.

I told his story as nearly as I could in his own words. And, as I told it, the conviction his narrative had carried with it came back to me.

"I declare," I concluded, "I don't see what more there is to explain. Jeffrey was saying just before Crow came in that no case was complete as long as it contained a single contradictory circumstance. But I imagine he'd [illegible] contradictory in that because Crow's story fits it absolutely with Richard's picture of the case with Mr. Beech's confession and what Jeffrey himself heard in his stateroom on the night boat."

"What was it that Mr. Jeffrey said when Dr. Crow got through with his story?" asked Gwendolyn.

"Something perfectly trivial," said I, "about returning the photograph they'd given him to paint from. Dr. Crow, said he could mail it to Beech Hill."

"And then?" asked Gwendolyn.

"That was all," said I. "Jeffrey said he wanted to get all off his mind and there wasn't anything else to be there? Crow said no, and that Jeffrey could congratulate himself on a thoroughly successful outcome."

There was a moment of silence. Then Gwendolyn caught her breath. "Oh," she said.

There was another minute of silence and then she asked: "Don't you Dr. Crow see he'd made a slip? Didn't he try to come back and say anything more?"

"You and Jeffrey will be the death of me," I exclaimed. "Yes, he did. That is, he started to say something and checked himself. But how did you know he'd done that? How did Jeffrey know? What was the slip?"

"He'd forgotten the gown," said Gwendolyn, "Don't you see? They loaned Mr. Jeffrey Claire's own gown to pose a model in. It was ever so much more valuable than the photograph, and an infinitely more intimate souvenir of the girl herself. He couldn't have forgotten it, unless—"

"Unless what?" I asked, for she had hesitated there.

When she went on, her voice was graver. "Unless, Cliff, he knew what had become of the gown—unless he'd seen it so often since that he'd almost forgotten Mr. Jeffrey ever had it. He couldn't have forgotten it, not when Mr. Jeffrey had spoken of the photograph and asked him straight out if there weren't anything else."

"*Unless he had known what had become of the gown!*" I sat for five solid minutes trying to fit that stubborn circumstance into Crow's story. He didn't know the gown had been stolen. He couldn't have known that if he knew no more of Irene Fournier than that he'd bribed her to disappear and give his patient a second chance for recovery.

"There's something else," said Gwendoly thoughtfully, "something else that doesn't fit. There are the earrings, Cliff."

To be continued.

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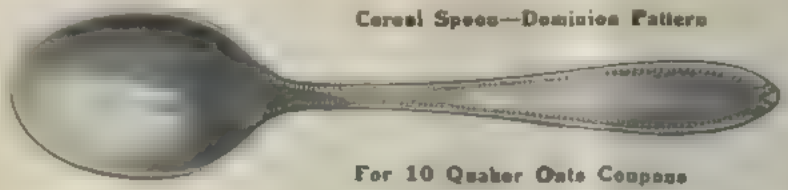

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Colonel Girouard

Continued from page 290

"I am drivin' 'em as hard to the limit," returned the other doggedly "What do you think—that they're amphibious and can work *both* day an night ?"

This story might almost be applied to the Chief and his Lieutenant because the former wanted the work rushed and the latter said it could not be done. In the first place he pointed out that he had not sufficient labour and what he had was splendidly picturesque but sadly unimpressive from the point of efficiency. Lord Kitchener could not see it, argued and finally gave some directions as to change which he thought would expedite the work.

With faith in himself and his methods with the sublime courage of youth in his convictions, and with a very French Canadian temper, the Lieutenant turned in military fashion upon indignant heel, displayed a haughty and retreating back and was soon lost to view His Chief meanwhile talked on to the enervating atmosphere.

In a few days Girouard was recalled and the work proceeded as it had been planned—the reconciliation being a lasting tribute to the bigness of two great men

Lieutenant Girouard is perhaps the only man under Kitchener who persisted in wearing a monocle—not wholly a form of ornamentation in his case—but an appendage which our famous General particularly dislikes.

In the course of the Egyptian campaign the young engineer took part in the operations at Hafir, receiving mention in despatches twice for his services and the brevet of Major on the very day following his promotion to a Captaincy (July 29, 1899) as well as the D. S. O. the British medal and the Khedive's medal with two clasps. A little later he took part in the operations resulting in the capture of Abu Hamed and carried himself with such distinction that he was again mentioned in despatches beside having a clasp added to the Khedive's medal

His photograph taken in the picturesque head dress of the "Bimbashi" or Major of the Egyptian Army is familiar to many.

A peculiar circumstance paved the way for Major Girouard's work in South Africa. He was seriously retarded in the construction of the Soudan road by the scarcity of locomotives, and learning that several had just been completed for South African use, he got in touch with the late Mr. Rhodes then Prime Minister of the Cape, arranged that the locomotives be transferred to him and that more be made for the southern part of the continent. This piece of diplomatic engineering

led at the outbreak of the Boer war, to his recommendation by Mr. Rhodes as well as other leading figures in various parts of the Empire, as the man to control the Imperial military work in South Africa.

In giving up his work in Egypt to take over the work in the South, Major Girouard relinquished a salary of $10,000 a year for $3,000, beside passing from already arduous work to that which was superlatively difficult.

The observer might have entered his office (often a tent) and again might have seen a fair head bent over maps and charts as it had been nearly thirty years before, tracing out routes and schedules for troops and supply trains over the interminable miles of railway threatened at every point by the enemy.

There is a story told of the discomfiture of a gray haired officer who waited with his men and supplies at a small station and who stopped the train on which the Major was travelling at high speed.

Jumping to the platform the latter demanded by what right the officer stopped his train! The officer who did not know this blond youngster from a hole in the ground, replied that he and his men wanted to get on to——.

He added that the train would stand there all day if necessary until his men and supplies got aboard.

"I'll wait here just five minutes for you and no longer," said the Major, perhaps mentioning his name. At any rate the astonished officer, men and supplies were all pitched on and the engine coughed along its way in the time stipulated.

Sir Percy received his knighthood in 1900 as an Imperial appreciation of his work during the Boer war. He was appointed Director of Railways in South Africa and a year later, Commissioner of Railways for the Transvaal and Orange River Colony.

The Commissionership gave him less constructive work than anything previously undertaken and after some bickering in the Commission, Sir Percy resigned. A testimonial in a handsome silver casket signed by 2,700 employees who had worked under him, signifying their regret at his resignation, was presented him. Nor were these employees more appreciative than the British Government which gave him a bonus of five thousand pounds as a means of showing its approval of his services to the Empire.

One of the most unique honors conferred upon him was the presentation of the Freedom of the Ironmonger's Guild. The casket containing the "Freedom" parchment was a miniature replica of the wrought iron old monument box of the Company. Sir Percy is the first soldier and Colonial to receive this honor.

In 1908 he was appointed High Commissioner of the Protectorate of Northern Nigeria, the six year old outpost of the British possessions. It was but natural that he should combine with civil administration a scheme for bringing his vast railroading knowledge into use. Following up a report of the Commissioner, the Home Government decided to build six hundred miles of railway to stimulate the Nigerian cotton industry. Sir Percy had the satisfaction of opening the road, in the presence of 30,000 persons

One of his most noteworthy pieces of work was the issuing of a proclamation, the intention of which was to forbid "trial by ordeal of sass wood, eserebean or other poisons, boiling in oil, fire, immersion in water, exposure to crocodile or wild animals—in fact any trial liable to result in the death of the victim." He made laudable efforts to abolish witch-craft, the burning of witches and the practice of ju-ju.

Following his appointment in Nigeria Sir Percy was made Commander in Chief of the Protectorate of East Africa, living for some time in the beautiful capital Nairobi. Here he had the honor of entertaining Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Princess.

The Duke went big game hunting with the Governor, for hunting is Sir Percy's favorite form of recreation.

Back in London he shunned reporters, photographers and the limelight. His intimates know him as the most modest of men, anxious for no exploiting and no loud singing of praise. He has the rare faculty of being able to cast responsibility aside and become merely a big boy again which endears him to the younger generation.

His organizing ability is too well known to require any eulogizing. Because of it he was selected for his present post, and Canada has every confidence in his success, for in the words of Lord Desborough, "He is a great civil servant who has succeeded in every position he has undertaken."

Whence the Gypsies

Continued from page 293

blue and white, hanging down over white trousers; with a brown coat slung over the shoulders and a rude black hat on his head. The young Gypsy wife, for they are monogamists, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, is close beside; an immaculate white kerchief about her head, but not over her chin, as is the custom with other Roumanian women. A string of coral encircles her neck of bronze—an entail from distant generations—a waist of white, a skirt of blue, and a brown apron to match her complexion.

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common coal oil and gives more than twice as much light as the best round wick open flame lamps. No odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, no pressure, won't explode. Children run it. Several million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Guaranteed.

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to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new *Aladdin* (details of offer given in our circular.) Would we dare make such a challenge if there were the slightest doubt as to the merits of the *Aladdin?*

Men Make $50 to $300.00 per Month With Rig or Auto Delivering the ALADDIN on our easy plan. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had no rig sold [illegible] the first seven days. "I sold 51 lamps the first seven days." Another says, "I disposed of 34 lamps out of 37 calls." Thousands who are coining money endorse the ALADDIN just as strongly

No Money Required

We furnish capital to reliable men to get started. Ask for our distributor's plan, and our how to make big money in unoccupied territory. Sample Lamp sent for 10 days FREE Trial

We want *one user in each locality* to whom we can refer customers. Be the first and get our special introductory offer, under which you get your own lamp *free* of extra charge. Write to a few neighbors and others in your locality. We will explain *10 Days Absolutely Free Trial.* Just say, "Show me how I can get a strong white light free, or *without risking a cent.*" Address nearest office

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The gypsies marry very early and, while the women retain their vivacity and sweet kindliness—the traits which makes the maidens so charming—their beauty fades rapidly, and one sighs with regret that the hideous old crones that chatter in the musical language of Romany should have come to such stage as we find them!

A gypsy's son, in pajamas of white and wearing the tall alpaca cap of these people, assists his mother in getting dinner. And his voice, we note, is, by contrast, almost shrill, having not yet attained the melody of the mature adult. A wrinkled old hag, but with pristine black hair, may also be present—doing her share of the work, for the gypsies attain to great age—living in the open, tilling the fields, camping and trekking—and remain robust to the last.

These, then, are the typical gypsies, in the traditional home of the race. Whether all the tribes have come from here at one time or other is a question. The language seems to say they did. Other things say they didn't. That, though, is a question for the savant. The gypsy himself would put period to your further inquiries by leading you to believe you're right in supposing it is.

Brandy Sauce

Continued from page 277.

turn you over to the dog pound."

"Just a minute. I'll find out by telephone." Finally he found another Bronson registered and made sure of his party this time by asking if it were John Bronson.

Armed with the information he triumphantly escorted Evalyn by taxi-cab absently holding her hand part of the way.

"You mustn't do that," she protested at first. "Stella wouldn't like it."

"Not as much as I do I'll admit," he said pathetically, "but she surely wouldn't care because it makes me feel less confused."

At the hotel they went up to the Bronson rooms.

This time they rapped on the door. A voice bade them, "Come in."

They did. Seated on the bed crying disconsolately was Stella with her pretty hat over one ear and her nose very red from weeping.

At the window looking out and down and not deigning to turn around stood a man with rumpled hair and hands jammed into his trousers pockets.

Evalyn was naturally surprised and shocked at the presence of a man.

"Why Stella," she began and then she turned in time to grab "Slats" by the coat tails. He was beating a furtive retreat.

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THE SANITARY "O K" ERASER

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"Wait a minute Mr. Bronson."

At the words "Mr. Bronson" the man at the window turned. It was he of the Van Dyke. His eye lighted with a gleam of malice as he discovered the shrinking form of "Slats."

"Oh ho," he exclaimed, "you even follow my wife to her room do you? By the lord Harry I'll teach you."

"Slats" was no coward and besides he had had three plum puddings so he did not run. Perhaps it would have been better if he had. The women folk hastily congregated in the sitting room adjoining and looked fearfully through the door at the scientific wrecking of the bedroom by the struggling contestants.

Every time that Bronson would throw "Slats" over his head the long arms and legs of the latter would brush a picture off the wall or break some of the glass in the chandelier. It was a royal rough house. Fortunately the walls of the rooms were sound proof so that the struggle was continued to a finish without any interference on the part of the hotel employees.

The fight ended the only way it possibly could, with "Slats" under the bed ruining a genuine Turkish rug by having nose bleed in the middle of it while Bronson danced up and down in the centre of the room brandishing a Louis Quinze chair and inviting "Slats" to come out if he dared.

It is only fair to "Slats" to say that he had not voluntarily sought refuge in the intrenchments. It would never have occurred to him to hide under the bed. He got there quite accidentally because Bronson lost his grip while swinging his opponent around the room by his feet. Centrifugal force carried him to the wall. It was only by chance that it happened to be beneath the box springs of the bed.

"Now," said Bronson at length when there seemed to be no signs of any further resistance, "come here Stella. There is your lover."

"Wh-wh-where?" she asked trembling.

He strode over to the bed and lifted up the scalloped fringe that went around the edges disclosing the pale face of "Slats" who has just succeeded in stopping the flow of blood. "There he is," said the husband pointing dramatically.

"Slats" looked out at her gravely. "Peek-a-boo," he exclaimed. There was a sudden laugh from the doorway where Evalyn had arrived in time to hear the last remark.

"Perhaps," said Bronson ignoring the laughter, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain who this man is."

"Why certainly," began Mrs. Bronson. "Didn't you know who it was all the time?"

Thirty-Six Highest Awards
To International Harvester Machines

THE International Jury of Awards, at San Francisco Exposition, gave to the International Harvester exhibit thirty-six highest awards covering not only the full line of harvesting, haying and corn machines and binder twine, including **Deering** and **McCormick,** but also the newer lines—the oil engines and tractors, manure spreaders, tillage implements, farm wagons, corn planters, corn cultivators, feed grinders, and seeding machines.

This is a world's record. Never before were so many highest awards given to any one exhibition of farm machines at any World's Fair.

In 1851 the first reaper was exhibited at the World's Fair in London, and there received the Council Medal. Since 1851 it has been the Company's policy to exhibit and demonstrate its machines wherever the opportunity was offered.

The exhibit at San Francisco in 1915 occupies 26,721 square feet of space, by far the most complete exhibit of its kind ever made. The thirty-six highest awards given to this exhibit constitute a splendid mark of approval for the good judgment of the hundreds of thousands of farmers who believe International Harvester machines to be the best the world affords.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd.

BRANCH HOUSES

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

"No."

"You tell him, Evalyn."

Evalyn suddenly thrust into the limelight twisted her handkerchief around her forefinger while she thought. At last her memory yielded up a suggestion. "Why this is the attorney you wanted me to get to attend to that property of yours here in Toronto. He is the best lawyer in the city."

"Yes that's who he is," agreed Mrs. Bronson throwing a look of gratitude toward her rescuer. "You see how unreasonable you have been, Jack."

"Humph," her husband sniffed. "He says he is a lawyer, does he? He don't look like one. I'll soon find out. I know enough about law to trap a shyster. You ladies go in the other room and this gentleman and I will soon find out what's what."

Doubtfully the two girls allowed themselves to be shut out from the conference.

"What have I done?" said Evalyn in dismay when she was alone with her friend. "I have only got him into more trouble but it was the only thing I could think of that sounded reasonable. Stella, how could you? And on your honeymoon too!"

"How could I what?"

"Meet clandestinely this old sweetheart of yours?"

"Old sweetheart? I never saw him before. I thought he was a friend of Jack's."

"Then he isn't in love with you?"

"How could he be?"

"Oh dear. I hope Mr. Bronson doesn't kill him. Do you suppose he can fool your husband into thinking he is an attorney?"

"No chance," said Mrs. Bronson gloomily. "Jack took a full law course before he went into the mining game and it wouldn't be possible to fool him."

The two women waited in an agony of suspense. There were no sounds of violence from the next room, only the continued murmur of voices.

After a full hour of talk the door opened and Bronson led out the slender Mr. Conover attired in a broad short suit that left nothing of "Slats" shins to the imagination but successfully

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Why is more Mennen's talcum used for babies than any other kind?

Why is it the talcum doctors and nurses endorse?

Mennen's is correctly medicated to give the right antiseptic efficiency. Ever since it appeared on the market physicians have enthusiastically endorsed it as the best. Careful nurses are particular to use no other

The Mennen formula has never been successfully duplicated.

Mennen's Talcum can be obtained in a variety of tints and perfumes, all made according to the famous Mennen formula, as follows: Borated, Violet, Sen Yang, Narangia (a rich cream color) Flesh Tint (not a rouge but a delicate pink talcum) and Talcum for Men. For sale by more than 20,000 dealers. Send 5c for sample of any variety, or 25c for samples of five. Address, Sales Agents for Canada—

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MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

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concealed the rest of him as if he had been wrapped in a circus tent.

"His own suit wasn't fit to wear," explained Bronson, "so I lent him one of mine to get home in." Then he turned to Evalyn who was smiling a vague and ingratiating smile, not knowing whether he was going to strike her or not. "I want to thank you, young woman, for bringing Mr. Conover to see me. Why didn't you tell me who he was in the first place? He is without a doubt the best equipped lawyer I ever met. Stella, where is my check book? I want to give Mr. Conover five hundred dollars as a retaining fee. He is going to handle my case."

"Listen dear," said Mrs. Bronson in alarm, "is that absolutely necessary?"

"Not necessary but customary," said her husband indulgently, "and I am not going to take any chances of losing the services of as smart a man as Conover."

Reluctantly his wife found the check book and watched him with mingled dismay and relief while he wrote an order for five hundred dollars.

When "Slats" and Evalyn were on the street once more she said, "Hadn't you better give me that check?"

"Why?" he asked in surprise.

"Because you got it under false pretenses. He thinks you are a lawyer."

"Well, I am."

"Honest?"

"Exceptionally so."

She drew a sigh of relief. "Well, then I suppose it is all right."

"I'll tell you what," he suggested. "I'll just give you this check and you keep it until I have won Mr. Bronson's case. On that day you can give it back to me."

He handed her the check.

When he left her at her own door she said, "I am glad after all that you aren't her husband."

"Why?"

"Because," she said slowly, "you are too nice to be married to any body—yet."

She laughed and went inside.

He went to the nearest telephone booth and called her up.

"I forgot to ask," he said, after he had told her who he was, "if I could come over once in a while and look at that check to see if it is still safe."

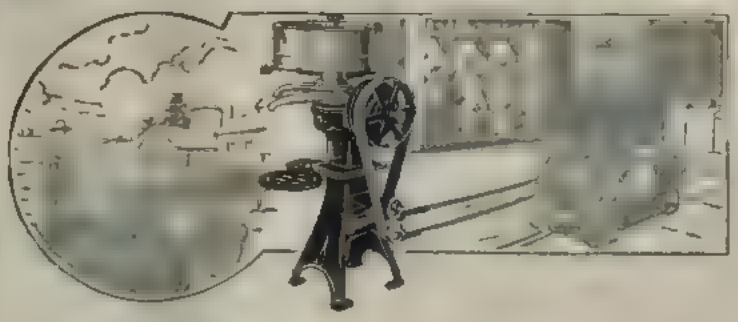
"Why I don't know," she doubted. "How often do you think you would have to come to make sure?"

"Once or twice a day would be all right until we get better acquainted."

She laughed. "Come this evening and we'll talk it over."

When he stepped out of the telephone booth he tapped the breast pocket of Mr. Bronson's coat to see if the legal papers were still there. They were.

"Slats" smiled to himself. "Gee, this is a nice world."



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The first is Cleanliness: A separator that cannot be kept scrupulously clean, inside and out, is dear at any price. Buy no separator that cannot be cleaned easily as well as thoroughly. Five minutes' work cleans a **Lily** or **Primrose.**

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This letter was received from J. T. Mitchell, of Swift Current, Sask., who purchased the first canoe from this model.

WALTER DEAN

FOOT OF YORK ST.

TORONTO, ONT.

Walter Dean, Esq., Toronto, Ont. Swift Current, Sask.,

Dear Sir, May 25, 1915.

Canoe as per our recent order has been received in good shape

Let me say that this model is in my opinion the acme of canoe con- str[illegible] Eastern waters I had learned to thoroughly appreciate your superior [illegible] I have been more [illegible] While [illegible] speed answers [illegible] and [illegible] all this [illegible] are superb and I agree with my friends that she [illegible] the portages as well as [illegible] most carefully built boat we have ever seen

Congratulating both of us, I am,

Very truly yours, J. T. MITCHELL.

Truth

Continued from page 284.

Phoebe Snow upon the road of anthracite verses. David cursed Phoebe Snow, and determined that if ever God vouchsafed him a honeymoon, it should be upon the clean, fresh ocean.

In the smoker bound West there was a fine old gentleman in a blue serge suit and white spats who took a fancy to David; just when David had about

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come to the conclusion that nothing in the world looked friendly except suicide.

If David had learned nothing else from Miss Tennant, he had learned to speak the truth. "Any employer that I am ever to have," he resolved, "shall know all that there is to be known about me. I shall not try to create the usual impression of a young man seeking his fortune in the West purely for amusement." And so, when the preliminaries of smoking-room acquaintance had been made—the cigar offered and refused, and one's reasons for or against smoking plainly stated—David was offered (and accepted) the opportunity to tell the story of his life.

David shook his head at a brilliantly labeled cigar eight inches long.

"I love to smoke," he said, "but I've promised not to."

"Better habit than liquor," suggested the old gentleman in the white spats.

"I've promised not to drink."

"Men who don't smoke and who don't drink," said the old gentleman, "usually spend their time running after the girls. My name is Uriah Grey."

"Mine is David Larkin," said David, and he smiled cheerfully, "and I've promised not to make love."

"What—never?" exclaimed Mr. Grey.

"Not until I have a right to," said David.

Mr. Grey drew three brightly bound volumes from between his leg and the arm of his chair, and intimated that he was about to make them a subject of remark.

"I love stories," he said, "and in the hope of a story I paid a dollar and a half for each of three novels. This one tells you how to prepare rotten meat for the market. This one tells you when and where to find your neighbor's wife without being caught. And in this one a noble young Chicagoan describes the life of society persons in the effete East."

"Whom he does not know from Adam," said David.

"Whom he does not distinguish from Adam," corrected Mr. Grey. But I was thinking that I am disappointed in my appetite for stories, and that just now you made a most enticing beginning as—'I, Roger Slyweather of Slyweather Hall, Blankshire, England, having at the age of twenty-two or thereabouts made solemn promise neither to smoke nor to drink, nor to make love, did set forth upon a blustering day in April. . . .'"

"Oh," said David, "if it's my story you want, I don't mind a bit. It will chasten me to tell it, and you can stop me the minute you are bored."

To be continued

One of the most distressing things about life is its so-called pleasures.

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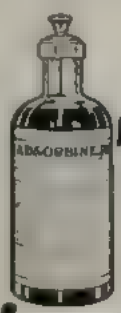

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A 10% solution sprayed into the throat is clean[illegible] healing and kills germs. An excellent [illegible] positively [illegible] herbs, non-poisonous and non-destructive of tissue.

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A Liberal Trial Bottle will be sent to your address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

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CHASE & SANBORN,
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All "ARLINGTON COLLARS" are good, but our CHALLENGE BRAND is the best

Woman's Work

Continued from page 267

girls and their soldier friends are provided as well as clubs, where the girls learn to do work which is of real service to the men. How very tactfully such an object must be pursued one can imagine and it is the more remarkable and encouraging that it has met with so much commendation from all quarters, from the girls and the soldiers, to those in places of authority. Lord Kitchener and the Home Secretary have both given instructions that military and police officers shall afford the Patrols every possible backing

But this is only one evidence of how women have risen to the need of the moment and in what a practical and direct way they have set about to fulfil it. There are hundreds and thousands of other things that they have done and are doing at home and abroad singly and collectively, to accomplish the work and foster the spirit that this day calls for, and, after the war, what an insight women are going to have into the conditions under which other women live and labour. What a spirit of tolerance will have grown up among them. The "woman movement" will have assumed a new aspect and a new appeal to both the mind and the heart of the nation.

An Eight Days' Rain

Continued from page 271

face when Anna swung her slightly in walking, attempted no justification of the khaki in whom was no guile and Paddy Mahone contributed—a harrowing tale. Paddy was Irish in freckles and temper and face and body and soul, but he had eaten Boer salt from his infancy and knew no speech but the Taal until the Camp schools brought the difficult English to him

"Dere was 'n oud man, Baas, an' he fight mid de Engles and hees son, he fight mid de Dutch, Baas, an' dey marched, an' one day dere was—wat you call it baas, in Engles? Battle?-dere was 'n battle, Baas, an' dey shoot, dat one man he shoot hees son. Den he see vat he hev made an' he run to hees son, vär he makes bluidy and dies an' he say, 'Oh, vat can I do for you ?' but hees son say"—Paddy's tone grew bitter— "Nê, for me kan you nut ting do—no more,' an' hees son take de bluid from hees—hees—meat, where eet ees torn an' he mark wit' it on hee fader's face an' he say, 'Dar, ven you die, you will kome up wit' dat mark upon you for yudgment before Yesus you have killed my—' an' he died.'

The dramatic pause was broken by an ill-favored young Boer who shambled past saying "Dag !" and looking appealingly at Hylbrecht as he half hung on one awkward foot. "Voet zak !" hissed Hylbrecht and flushing darkly he dropped his ill-clothed shoulders and hurried on while the children called "Bluid-dog !" after him until the purple shadows of a kloof swallowed him. By the "bluid-dog" Leroy knew him for a National Scout and Anna informed him, after looking at Hylbrecht's outraged face, that he was Dirk Potgieter who had once hoped to make Hylbrecht his vrouw until he with

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NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO. Sarnia Ontario

his father had gone hunting brother Boers for the detestable English.

"Wit' de Engles I *would* even mak friend," said Abraham, "wit de bluid-[illegible] never."

Anna Swart's lips went tight at every mention of the English. Her father had been a field-cornet before the war—he was now a prisoner-of-war in the West Indies. One of her uncles had been a Colonel and one a Commandant during the war.

"I hev see them fight," she told Leroy, "on my own farm. The Boers were here and the khakis there—so—and you could not see—it was all dark, the shooting make it so."

"The smoke," suggested Leroy.

"Yes, that ees it, de shmok. Fifty Boers [illegible]n fight one hundred and five khakis and beat them." Up went Anna's expressive nose. "De khakis is silly. Dey comes like dis—all together—so—how you say it?—"

"Steadily, shoulder to shoulder," Leroy helped out.

Apparently satisfied, Anna went on, "De Boers go, one here, one dere, one dere—so—an' de Boers shoot and keel—oh, so many at one time. De English is *not* good."

"But it's all over now, Anna, and you must be friends with the English," advised Leroy cheerily.

"Né, capeeten, with the English I will *never* be friends," Anna protested stoutly. "They took us from our farms, they throw our chairs—if they had but leave the wives an' kinders on de farm, we would not have care, but dey took us and bring us here—my fader say he will never surrender now—never."

But the Camp gates were at hand and Anna, unmollified, and the boys, argumentative, scampered off to their waiting mothers in the dim tents. Through the wood smoke and the twilight hush and the slow droning of Dutch hymns went Leroy and Hylbrecht silent save for the horses' feet and the whining of Khaki at their heels. Once Leroy caught her hand, but she drew it away, without petulance, however. The hospital tent was near now and near was a certain Australian lieutenant with a certain careless sweetness in all he said and did, and Hylbrecht's steps danced on a little in spite of her awkward veldtschoen and she forgot the outrage of the National Scout and a little warm current stirred and tingled through her young veins.

"Hylbrecht!" Leroy's honest Rocky Mountain voice held a hint of pleading.

Hylbrecht shook an impatient cappie at him. "Sister Tanke waits. I make hurry, if you please. Good-Night!"

He swung her round by her shoulders and so held her in the quiet space before the hospital tent.

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For rates, full particulars and advertising matter, apply to any agent of the Company, or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. BELL, Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.
W. P. HINTON, Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.

"You are queer to-day, Hylbrecht," he said, "and—and different somehow. It is two weeks since I saw you. It may be two more before I see you again. I—I can't stand not knowing. I love you, Hylbrecht. You are mine—my salvage from that old river. Do you—can you love me, dear? Will you marry me—soon?"

Hylbrecht lifted her slow, shy eyes, but the fires had not kindled for Leroy. In the dim light she could see his kind, wholesome face and his straight uncompromising hair combed up in an unbecoming pompadour, she caught the slight cross of his grave, not-very-blue eyes and the slight scar on one cheek, memory of an explosion in a Rocky Mountain mine, and she felt his bigness and sureness and goodness as she had on the night he had carried her up from the overful river, but she tangled her lashes again down over her eyes and shook her head.

"Marry is not good," she said soberly.

Leroy laughed and because of the tangling of the lashes and the soft shy voice and the glow of her face and lips even in the dusk, he suddenly stooped and—

"Look out" called Hylbrecht sharply, her hands shielding her glowing face where a certain careless, caressing finger-touch was still palpitant.

"Sorry," said Leroy. "See you again, Hylbrecht. You're not yourself to-night."

He bent over her hand, vaulted into his saddle and clattered off down the darkening Camp, a little puzzled, a little hurt, but thinking it was a bad enough time she'd been through, poor girl, and those kids poking up old memories with their chatter, and small wonder her mood was wrong. His indomitable cheeriness rose again. Things would be all right next time he saw her. Poor little Hylbrecht!

Hylbrecht, rather breathless, bumped into Sister Daunt at the entrance to the hospital tent.

"There you are, Hylbrecht! That's good. They've sent for me from the Orphanage. Little Swampool's got bad croup. You tuck up Mr. Lane and give him his medicine. Good Night!"

Denny's eyes were blazing with the day's excitement and his cheeks flushed with weariness and pleasure as he lifted his rumpled, young head from the pillow to receive the last night rites of spoon and bottle. He had driven down to the dorp and heard the Shropshires play in the square and watched columns of brown legs move off through the dust. He had been at cantonments and surprised his own mess who had gone wild over him. His doctor had promised he might be back in a week. Where he had loved and beamed on the world in the morning, he was now just

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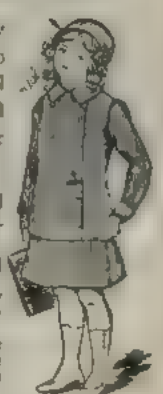

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Increase your farm holdings by buying a tract from the Canadian Pacific. Where else will you get such low prices and twenty years to pay for your land? Write us and let us give you full information how you can do this. If you have friends in the East or other parts of [illegible] tell them about this offer of the Canadian Pacific. Get them for your neighbors. Write us and we will give you [illegible] location we can. Do it TODAY always the best day.

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bursting with gratitude and joy and adoringness. He caught Hylbrecht's wrists when she said "Sleep well!" to him in her soft lulling voice.

"It's been such a broth of a day. It's flying to pieces, Hylbrecht, being glad I'm alive. You're a darling. Hylbrecht, God love you! Run along now to your cot. Slaap mooi."

And because she was the nearest living lovely thing of all the golden, singing, rapturous world, he impulsively leaned up and kissed her on her warm sweet young lips, then snuggled back to contented sleep and dancing dreams. If Sister Daunt had tucked him in Sister Daunt would have got the good-night kiss. Well, perhaps not *just* the same kind of kiss, one doesn't kiss glowing seventeen and motherly fifty in the same terms. But Denny, as the topmost of his mood, just had to kiss somebody. That was all.

But hours later, when a mellow radiance of moon-light wrapped the whiteness of the tents, and the old vrouws slept [illegible] pool began to breathe naturally again, a silent, shining little Hylbrecht lay awake on her narrow camp-cot, filled with a tumult for which she had no words and a sweetness beyond any [illegible] primitive fierceness that new fire on her lips. Doc. Raydon, stubbing over tent-pegs on his syncopated way home to the Doctor's quarters from a bachelor evening at the Super's, lifted up his muffled, lilting tenor as he passed the hospital tent in the poisoned, reminiscent music.

"Girl of the Red Mouth,
Love me! Love me!"

and Hylbrecht's heart, that had never responded to the painfully trolled cadences of the ancient Dutch hymns, the only music she had ever known, [illegible] bled madly to the wicked, subtle call of that mocking, waving tenor; and all the tumult and the sweetness and the fierceness and the shining that were racking inarticulate within her, found expression in the passionate cooxn of the music that beat around her narrow [illegible] long [illegible] ripple [illegible] the night.

"Oh, Girl of the Red Mouth
[illegible]"

III

Thomas Mark [illegible] afternoon civilian attire, waited in the little sitting-room of the cottage hospital at Doornkop for the coming of Sister Chamberlin. It was the homest, cosiest bit of an English sitting-room in all that long, pretty, old Dutch dorp. A man's soul [illegible] into the hominess of its atmosphere with the same content that his shoulders settled to the comfort of its chint

arm-chairs. Already the grim line of Leroy's mouth had softened a bit as he picked up a book and read a paragraph, then wandered to a mirror and surveyed himself long with the utmost detachment.

"That," he said as he turned to shake hands with Sister Chamberlin, 'that is the most uncomfortably honest mirror I ever looked into. Look at me! Every feature on me is crooked some way

Sister Chamberlin sat down and studied him. "Perhaps," she answered, "and yet, Mark Leroy, you've got the straightest front I ever saw—even if it took a collection of crooked features to make it. But what are you doing in mufti?"

"That's what I came to tell you. I've got my release at last. And I'm off to Delagoa Bay to-morrow to outfit and then into Swaziland prospecting for the G. and R. Company. It will be rather fun chasing a mine again, and there is the gamble once more, wild tribes and chances of life or death. And, speaking of mufti, aren't you glad I can call on you again properly at the proper tea-hour without embarrassing your officer friends?"

"You're a silly, Mark," scoffed Sister Chamberlin. "That's the only thing I ever found in you that wasn't adequate, your caring so about the social aspect. It wasn't the fault of the officers and it wasn't any fault of yours and it wasn't anything I could help. Why did it rasp you so terribly?"

"I don't know. You never can tell what fool thing is going to get you on the raw, can you? But we had been 'brother officers,' you know, and a sergeant in the Constabulary didn't belong any more. I think it was most that I couldn't come to see an old friend like you when there was a chance of my meeting your gilded grasshoppers. Lord, I'm sore now when I think of it! Where did you come from?"

"From 'The House of the Sorrowful Soldier!' To me it's most sorrowful now because the 'sorrowful soldiers' are just about all gone. They can talk all they like about war being hell and all that—it is, of course—but I tell you there's something about war that makes men different. I've bound them up and fed them and said their prayers to them, boys by the hundred with their bodies burning with wounds and their hearts full of their mothers—and now—now I loathe these prosperous civilians and their pains. Mark, doesn't an expedition into Swaziland need a nurse? And why are you going? Cross your heart, now! Is it ?"

"Hylbrecht? Yes, I'm afra'd it is. It's so absolutely hopeless. Once I was almost sure she cared. But for three months now—why, she won't tolerate me at all. She is so sort of wordless, but so terribly effectual in her silences. So I'm off. To go away is always best when there's nothing left to do."

'Men make me tired," mused Sister Chamberlin. "A woman nurses them well again, they must marry her. They save a woman's life, they must marry her. Mark, because you pulled a little Boer girl out of the river, you haven't *got* to marry her, you know."

"I haven't *got* to marry her, No. But I *want* to, most almighty bad. It isn't because I saved her from the river. it's because her face in that white cappie is like a bright poppy in a field of blossoming buckwheat."

"What am I like. Mark?

To be continued

Speaking of blood-thirst—as who is not?—the Orpheum Theatre programme, carries this ad: "Don't Kill Your Wife. Let the Western Columbia Laundry Do the Work."

Left: Big Ben, London's famous clock, undergoes repairs. Center: The frankfurter vender—a welcome visitor at German military camps. Right: Pretty high-school girl, whose dancing was the feature of a pageant at Long Beach

Illustrated World

—the magazine that truly illustrates the world's important happenings is crammed with interesting photographs like these. Supplemented by scores of fascinating articles, they constitute a graphic description of what is going on in this great world of ours.

The September number, containing two hundred striking illustrations and over fifty timely articles, will be on the newsstands August 17th. Of the public's verdict on this issue we have no fears. The variety, interest and importance of its contents have never been surpassed. A broad statement, perhaps, but glance over this list of titles and see if you don't agree with us.

Features for September

CAN EDISON RECONSTRUCT OUR NATIONAL DEFENSES?—A clear analysis of the great inventor's gigantic new problem

"WHEN FUNDS ARE AVAILABLE"—How the General Staff plans to build up an adequate army—when it gets the money!

"ON PARADE" Classic dancing and plastic posing by society women. Photographs

FIGHTING FOR LIFE IN ANTARCTIC ICE The heroic struggle of a starving man to cross the South Pole's frozen wastes

BUMPING THE BUSINESS BABY How our characteristic American "business genius" hampers the growth of infant industries

"AMONG THE RUSSIANS"—Exclusive new photographs of the Slav forces

COLLEGE FARMERS MAKE GOOD—The college trained farmer and his value to the nation

SEEING MUSIC IN COLORS—New orchestral music delights both ear and eye

A MOVE TO BEAT THE TRADE-MARK PIRATES—How a great business evil is being successfully combated

A SPECIALIST IN BEING HUMAN—Why Clare Briggs, the creator of "Skinnay," is winning nation-wide popularity. Illustrated with examples of his recent work

TELESCOPES FOR SHARPSHOOTERS—When Uncle Sam was right, and Europe was all wrong

WHAT DRIVES MEN TO DRINK Recent investigations throw new light on an old problem

THE "EASTLAND" DISASTER IN PICTURES—Vivid photographs of Chicago's greatest tragedy

VALUE OF THE REPAIR SHIP TO OUR FLEET—New auxiliary that will aid our fleet in case of war

ODDITIES OF LIFE—Unique tasks and unusual ways of doing common things

SHOOTING THE CHUTES AT TRUCKEE Irrigation engineers unwittingly provide a more exhilarating ride than any park can boast of

VIEWS OF THE WAR—Pictures of unusual interest from every front

INVESTING A THOUSAND DOLLARS—Leading American business men give four rules for safe investment

"WHERE RECRUITS WON'T DO"—"In peace prepare for war." Photographs show that Uncle Sam's packers are profiting by this advice

USING AS LITTLE MOISTURE AS POSSIBLE How government engineers are seeking to reduce the need for irrigation

SHE FLIES AND DIVES Aviator's widow follows her late husband's vocation, and engages in submarine diving as well

SAVING A GREAT PIPE LINE—Quick work in zero weather maintains a city's water supply

WHAT INFANT PRODIGIES TEACH OUR EDUCATORS—An instructive and entertaining article by an educational authority

X-RAY MACHINE SAVES TOBACCO Deadliest foe of the tobacco grower vanquished by this new device

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PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER
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MONTREAL

The Independence of Canada

Continued from page 273.

could. Still there were hogs offering In came the American packers fro Chicago and practically cleaned A berta of hogs at something like fo cents a pound Canada lost heavi on that transaction as the new hogs are increasing in value. Even if Ca adian abattoirs had bought the hog at the four cent rate the Dominion a whole would have benefitted to some extent by the later rise in prices and by the fact that Canadians were em ployed in the finishing of the produc Not only did the farmer lose but every body else in Canada lost. The pork was swallowed up in the American packing plants there to be kept in cold storage until such time as the American meat speculators there were ready to sell. As with the pork so with cattle The price of meats in Canada is to a large extent determined by the situa tion in Chicago In the meat trade Canada is *not* independent. She is not able to transform her own raw materials into finished product. She is kept in a position where she merely supplies the raw materials on which American workmen and American capital are employed. She gets one profit where she should get several. Of the pound of beef which sells in a New York or a London butcher's stall for say twenty-five cents a pound Canada has received about eight cents! For a pound of pork sold for say eighteen cents in the same cities, Canada has received possibly six cents! Yet it was Canada's steer and Canada's hog.

The United States has a remarkable system of trade digestion. Canada's system, being as yet incomplete, is not so successful If you take any map of North America on which railways are indicated you will discover more than twenty faint little lines of black ink that wander westward and north from Chicago to the Canadian border, and distribute themselves along that border fairly evenly between the great Lakes on the East and Vancouver on the West. These are the "suckers" of the Canadian West. The country through which these lines pass before reaching their Canadian terminals or connecting points, is well supported by revenue-producing country all the way—they encounter few long undeveloped and non-traffic yielding stretches such the North shore of Lake Superior on the C. P. R. Rates on these railways are favorable because fixed charges are split up among a great number of customers. Through these lines of railway the cattle and hogs of the West can be gathered easily, and cheaply transported to suitable fattening by-es

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Is the height, the movement, the [illegible] workmanship, durability, action, hammers, strings, soundboard, etc., as you get it for $100 less, backed by a ten-year guarantee.

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Write Department 11 for our handsome Art Catalogue "D" and it comes to you by return mail with satisfactory proof of every claim we make.

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LONDON (No Street Address Necessary) CANADA

convenient to Chicago. In Chicago the raw product is "transformed." Every by-product is made use of for it is in the by-product the money lies. Great cold storage warehouses offer infinite keeping capacity. Here is the greatest centre of dressed meat supply in the world.

The transformed material moves eastward now to the New England States where there are forty million souls directly or indirectly concerned in the textile and other manufactures. This market is capable of absorbing from five to ten billion pounds of meats per annum, and—if there is any surplus—here are the ports of Portland, Boston, New York and Philadelphia, well served with vessels capable of carrying in cold storage any surplus there may be straight to hungry Europe. Nothing could be more simple. From the western plains to the transforming market of Chicago! Chicago to New England! New England to Europe! A tide flows constantly in this channel. It seems to draw Canadian trade with it, irresistibly. Canada is forced into the position of hod carrier—for mere raw material producers are not much better than hod carriers—to the American builders. The freight cars that carry cattle south carry American manufactures north.

What *should* be the situation?

The steer should die in his native land. Should be "transformed" say at Winnipeg or Port Arthur and Fort William, or at Montreal. Canadians in the industrial sections of Ontario should have a fair meal before the carcass passes on to Europe, or, if necessary to the New England States and so to Europe. There can be no objection to New Englanders eating Canadian beef but it should be Canadian-finished beef, not just Canadian grown. It should have passed through the hands of Canadian workmen and Canadian railwaymen, thus making more traffic over which the fixed charges of Canadian railways may be spread thinner than they now are. This would be consistent with the real interests of Canada, but can it be done? The beef raising farmer is content to get the American price for his steer. He does not see that what robs the country as a whole robs him, in the end, worse than if he had received a less price for the animal. The sheer inertia of the trade movement through Chicago is seemingly impossible to overcome. It is like a current that draws everything with it into the maelstrom. It is the same tide that would, if it were not for the American tariff—which again is dependent upon the Canadian tariff remaining in statuo quo—draw the grain products of Canada through Minneapolis mills and out through the

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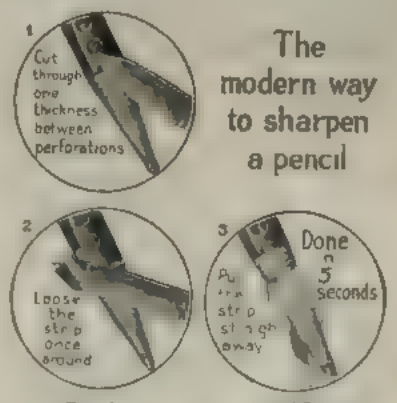

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United States to Europe, robbing Canadian railways—whose prosperity remember is bound up with our own prosperity whatever we may sometimes think of them—of traffic, reducing the number of customers among whom their fixed charges are split up, robbing Canadian mill employees and Canadian ports

IV

The two pinochle players spoke once at Maple Creek, once at Swift Current, once at Moose Jaw. At Regina the Toronto traveller added up the long list of figures on the back of an old invoice form and allowed the Chicago man to check them

"You win," he said, and became thoughtful.

"Right Willie," grunted the Chicagoan

At Indian Head, the Canadian opened fir

"I been thinking," he said.

"What about?"

"About the Independence of Canada. We got to get it."

"Get it? What?"

"A declaration of Independence from the United States. What right you got, Bumerglim, selling suspenders up here any how? Were they made in Canada? No. Will the profits go to Canadians? No. Do Canadians get commissions and wages and so on? No. If I wasn't your friend Bumerglim I'd like you kicked out."

"You get very patriotic all at once!" sneered the other

"Sure I get patriotic when I come to think it over. What right have we got selling our raw materials just to give jobs to lazy loafers in the United States. Let them be Canadians if they want Canadian raw material to work with. Let them come here and pay their rent here, and buy their clothes here, and have babies and things here."

Bumerglim looked suddenly alarmed.

"Aw," he said, "what's the harm you lettin' us have raw material to work up? We're the clever workers. We finish it right—see? *Right.* Why you guys—"

"Can't we finish goods right either?" retorted William Laurier Rubinsky. "You got the nerve to say so? I tell you Bumerglim there's *nothing* Canadians can't do."

"All right Willie. All right. But why should that keep them from selling us their raw material?"

"Because—" and the Toronto drummer leaned forward with outthrust chin as he spoke, "because I been thinking raw material is like what my father leaves me when he dies—a little capital, or maybe much capital. It doesn't matter whether it is a little or it is much—if I live on my capital I am

a no-good—no? If I add my own labor to my capital and live on the earnings I can save the capital and maybe add something more to it. Then I am a—a hum-dinger! Ain't it?"

"You mean wheat and cattle and trees and fish and minerals—these are all raw materials and raw materials are all Capital?"

"Yes."

"But why shouldn't you—"

The other leaned over the up-turned club bag once more. "Listen Bumerglim," he snarled, "you put me wise without thinking you were putting me wise. Now you know old Isaac Isser that made so much money with a little jewelry shop on Agnes streeet in Toronto? Ya? Well there was a guy came into his shop one day with a little piece of raw silver from Cobalt. Maybe he had stolen it, but Old Isaac asked no questions. He paid the guy two dollars for the silver—so much an ounce. Then do you know what he did with it? He made a fine candlestick for the widow of Max Rosen the pawn-broker and he charged her five dollars for it. It was classy."

"Well—"

"Well if we sell you our unfattened cattle, our raw materials, we are like selling the silver by the ounce crude. If we finish the raw materials—the cattle—we are like selling the candlestick to the widow."

"Who's the widow?"

"The world!"

Moses and Moose

Continued from page 280.

My pipe burned out and I loaded up again, feeling perhaps that the smoke might charm away the things—whatever they were—that were hidden away in the thick, silent darkness off in front of me. Then I fell to philosophizing about the stillness. "Why shouldn't it be still," I tried to convince myself. "The people of the forest know enough to go to bed with the coming of night, so why don't you turn in, too?" I was just arising to carry out this action when a deep bellow split the silence and set the woods resounding with what to me was a terrible roar

"What's that, Mike?" I asked in a whisper as I stepped inside the bunk house door and noticed the guide rolling under his blanket.

"Just a moose, a big bull out for a midnight spree or perhaps out to look up his suffragette wife."

"Can't we get out and find him?" I asked with an air of bravado that I assure you was mostly assumed.

Mike grumbled something about one being liable to lose one's way in the woods when it was so dark the blazes could not be seen. Then there was another bellow and then a long silence I went to sleep waiting for a third bellow, but it did not come.

Next morning Mike and the Frenchman were up with the dawn. The smell of cooking breakfast brought me out of the blankets with a bound, for I certainly had developed an appetite in that one day in the brush. Mike took charge of affairs and had us landed on the main land and well on the way to the Green Ridge trail before six o'clock. I felt my confidence returning every time I looked at Mike. Even the sight of his big broad back seemed to assure me I was to shoot some moose that day. The Frenchman took it upon himself to tote the camera and tripod, much to my delight, for the big awkward thing seems to weigh close to a ton after the first half mile

Mike said Green Ridge trail was about five miles from the home camp I learned afterward, he, like most guides in that north country, estimate distances by "crow lines." It may have been only five miles by his measure, but I'll swear it was closer to ten miles, down the gullies and up the hills, the way we had to walk. Finally Mike stopped and waited for us to catch up

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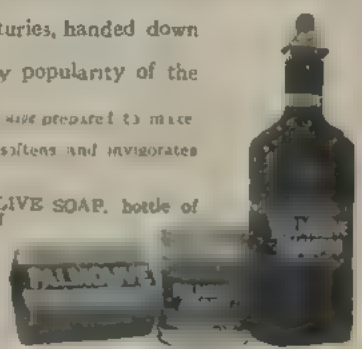

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with him. We sat down on the near side of a slope up to a "barren" —one of the spots found in the New Brunswick territory, apparently cleared by fires. Beyond the "barren," the brush and alders extended in a strip perhaps a mile wide down the ridge. "I have often heard of a scheme we'd better try here," began Mike in a low voice. "What I plan to do is to plant you here on the underside of this barren while Frenchy and I sweep out around this strip of brush and try to call and drive a bull moose out here in the open where you can get a shot at him with your machine. This'll be your only chance to get one of these boys alive, unless as you said last night we lasso one and tie him to the stump of a tree."

Mike certainly was a brick—I had felt the night before he was on my side, now I knew it. I'd gamble a dollar to the hole in a thimble, Mike had been doing a lot of tall thinking between the time he delivered that nature study lecture and when he landed us at the top of the Green Ridge trail that first morning in the woods.

Mike was to take the trail to the right and through a series of signs and single words finally succeeded in explaining to Frenchy what was to be done on the left trail. They slipped off into the brush and soon were lost to view. I busied myself getting my camera set up under the brow of the hill so that just the box could be seen, from the brush side.

Finally I was ready for Mike to bring on his moose and I was sure I could make a picture that would thrill young Horden's friends from the city limits to Grosse Point. I ought to have known of course, it would take quite a long time for Mike and Frenchy to go far enough back in the brush so they could surround anything in the way of game. But I was not going to be caught off guard and thus lose out on the picture I wanted so much. Then—suddenly—I heard kind of a crashing in the brush—it came from about a hundred yards back in the alders. I listened again and finally located the sound. I swung my camera around to where it came from. With my hand on the crank, I stood ready to start clicking off the film the instant I could see the animal. I did not have long to wait—right there not twenty yards in front of me I saw a big brown head poking out from the alders. The animal came right out toward me—then stooped down and snooped around on the ground. It stood so close to me I could see the texture of the thick, shaggy brown hair on its neck.

Then the echo of what I afterwards learned to be a "call," came floating out from the far end of the brush. The moose in front of me heard it the same instant I did. It raised its head as if trying to locate the "call." Then it wheeled around and darted over the brow of the hill. There the moose discovered it was not the only person in the "barren." It halted, took a look at me as if I was the most peculiar sight it had seen in many a day and then scampered off down into the gully and out of sight.

To say I was delighted was putting it mildly. I was wondering what Mike was talking about when he gave me that yarn about moose being so difficult to get close to. My train of thought was interrupted by another "call." This time the sound came from the central portion of the brush. Then I heard a "call" off to the right. Then one came from the left. Before long it was regular chorus of calls. First one side and then the other and each time a bit nearer. At last I heard the same crackling sound as when the other moose had appeared. This time I did not have so long to wait. A huge animal—a much larger one than the other, with horns branching out five feet or more—plunged out of the forest

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with his head back and the brush rolling off his back. The animal stopped in almost the identical spot the other one had. But it only was for an instant. It looked right at me. "He's winded me," I said almost aloud, remembering what Mike had said the night before. The animal gave a little snort and ploughed back into the brush, only to dart out again and make a dash over the brow of the hill to my right at a rate of speed that was entirely too fast for me to follow with my camera.

Mike and Frenchy soon appeared. Mike was as deeply interested as I and danced with joy when I told him I had clicked the brute at such close range. As we started off over the trail, I told Mike of my experience with the other moose.

"What kind of horns did it have?" Mike asked.

"It didn't have any."

"Oh! Fiddle, that was only an old cow moose—they're almost as tame as a milk cow."

Mike seemed sorry later he had taken the joy out of my experience and told me it would make a good picture to show anyway.

The trip back to the home camp was a lot shorter—so it seemed—partly because it was down hill most of the way and partly because I had been successful in reeling out close to 1,000 feet of absolutely corking film of moose "right out of the wild and in their native trimmin's" as the boss had said in giving me my assignment.

Next day we went after bear. We were not so successful as on the moose experiment by a long ways, but I figured that with the corking moose pictures, I could get through very nicely with only hitting the half way mark on the bear. We hunted deer at night by means of a bicycle lamp Mike kept at camp and a continuous flashlight outfit I luckily had included in my outfit. At the end of five days we sent Frenchy back to Prince of Wales for the buckboard. And I do not mind confessing now, I was just as cocky when I rode back to Fairville as when I landed on St. John and asked the hotel clerk for the best piece of woods in which to find moose. The trip back to Detroit was altogether too long, for I was anxious to get back to the shop, develop my films, and show the boss what a wonderful layout I had succeeded in getting.

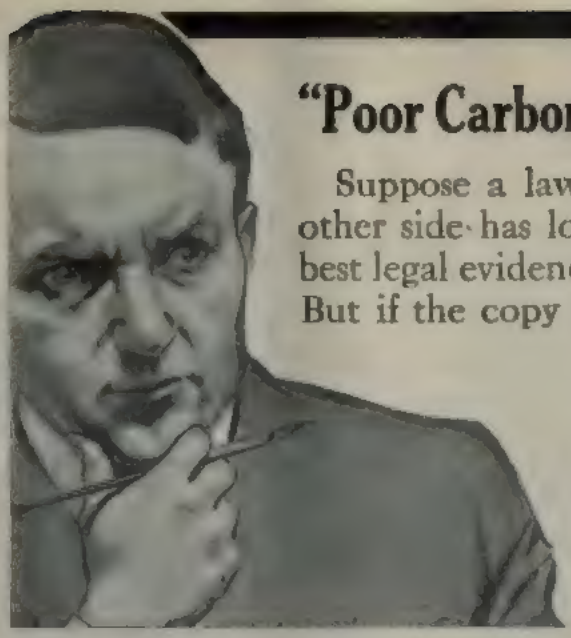
"Well, old top, I see the bears didn't eat you," shouted the boss as I bounded into the office at last.

"Say, it certainly was a great trip, boss, and I clicked some corking films—never been done before they tell me. I'll let you take a peek at them just as soon as I get them out of the tank."

I did not even stop to take off my street clothes, I was in such a hurry to get the films through the developing process. Finally they reached the point where I thought I could afford to peek. I took a second peek—then a third. My heart started thumping—holy slivers—I tore out foot after foot of the film—and—it was—blank.

Somehow I found a chair in the blackness of the darkroom. I sat for a time thinking of a reason why the films were blank—and then it dawned upon me, like a blow on the small of the neck—I had not set the automatic control and my moose pictures had been seen by a closed shutter.

An Unwilling Target—The Home Secretary, we understand, can not see his way to allow a distinguished Anglo-German who dwells in our midst with his family, to exhibit, with a view to safeguarding his home against Zeppelins, an illuminated sky-sign bearing the words, "Gute leute wohnen hier" ("Good people live here.")



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Jean Blewett

Continued from page 288.

sonality to the poetess, and her heroes and heroines are human beings, and her stories throb with real life.

It is not much wonder that the talent for writing has developed so strongly in Mrs. Blewett, who laughingly acknowledges that she always put home first and wrote afterwards because she couldn't help it, for in the MacKishnie family to which she belonged before her marriage, her brother, Mr. Archie MacKishnie has the same Celtic strain which gives that inimitable imagination and warmth of sympathy. Mrs. Blewett confesses that there is one fault of the Celtic temperament hard to overcome—the desire to have one's own way—but she can't deny the originality and the ability to see with another's eyes.

As an after dinner speaker Mrs. Blewett's admirers will agree that she has no equal. She can coo you into laughter with 'one breath and sober you into a thinking silence with the next, but that is another strong point of her Celtic blood. Her childhood on the fruit farm, far away from the crowds of the city, among the bees, the clover and the growing things, gave her an opportunity to think quietly and deeply, so that now when she gets up to speak her thoughts have not been lost in the chaos of conflicting sensations.

Last year she was chosen by the Government to lecture to all the Normal Schools of the Province on the subject, "The foundations of a Canadian literature." The poetess confesses she does not care as much for reciting her own poetry as for speaking to students, but if she does not want to recite it she must not write it, for the charm of her thoughts put into words and recited in her low clear voice, is irresistible.

Farther afield than the older parts of the East and West has gone this cheerful home loving Canadian; who last year immortalized the lovely but lonely Peace River country in a series of a dozen articles for the British Syndicate.

Mrs. Blewett's life has been an exceptionally busy one, but for three years she managed to include book reviewing for the McClurg Publishing House in Chicago, among her many activities. Her philanthrophies have never been blazoned abroad, and she is no clubwoman, but her sisterliness, true and sincere, is extended to all classes.

Many a story of her influence and her sympathy among the women of the poorer classes, is current, and the remembrances of splendid ideals is still with them. Her ideal of life is best described in her words given in a lecture to one of the Normal Schools. "Never set the pulse-beat of your life to anyone's opinion.' Don't get discouraged because of criticism, because of worry, or because of circumstances which make you feel like giving up. Success means little, failure means less. Back of every task we undertake, back of every task we fail in or succeed in, stands the Master Workman of us all, with His golden law of compensation, for, as Whittier says 'One must grasp and one resign, one drink life's rue, and one its wine, and God will make the balance good!"

Among Mrs. Blewett's more important works have been one book of prose "Out of the Depths," published in 1885, two books of poems, "Heart Songs," published in 1897, and "The Cornflower, and other poems" published in 1906. At the present time she is busy on a new book of prose, the scene of which is laid in the Peace River country where she and her husband spent two summers; and a book of her heart-stirring, inspiring poetry.

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In Manuscript

Continued from page 291.

"Just what I've been saying. But with me the difficulty comes in here. Monday I've got to go back to college, and can't keep 'On The Wing'—well—on the wing. I've something else to do. But my idea is this. I'll sell it to you, Mater, half price. You can send it round till it is accepted—perhaps it may be the first time like Cousin Lucile's here—and keep the balance for your trouble. Well, what do you say?"

Here Cousin Lucile said hurriedly that she must go. But she turned back at the door to repeat her assurances that Jimmy would be successful—in something.

The latter had some difficulty in persuading his mother that she was not cheating him, but when he left home the next morning "On The Wing" reposed upon her desk—a place which it occupied for a short time, periodically during the following months.

At one of the Britton dinners, something less than a year later, the conversation turned upon literature and contemporary writers, and Cousin Lucile, who was only just back from a trip abroad, inquired as to the fate of Jimmy's article.

"Did Jimmy write an article?" exclaimed one of the guests, incredulously. "I never knew that. I should like to read it. What is it in?"

No one spoke for a moment, then Mrs. Britton met the tacit appeal of the table by saying deprecatingly, "In manuscript." And as everyone looked politely mystified, Cousin Lucile told the story of Jimmy's one literary exploit. His father listened to the recital with rapt attention.

"Well!" he ejaculated, at its close. And again, "Well! I didn't think the boy had it in him."

"I don't think he has," murmured Cousin Lucile.

But her host did not seem to hear.

"I must get him into business," he was saying.

Rain was falling steadily as the weary cyclist plodded on through the English mud. At last he spied a figure walking toward him through the gloom.

Gladly he sprang off his machine and asked the native:

"How far off is the village of Popleton?"

"Just ten miles the other way, sir," was the reply.

"The other way!" exclaimed the cyclist. "But the last sign post I passed said it was in this direction."

"Ah," said the native, with a knowing grin, "but, ye see, we turned that theer post round so as to fog those e'er Zeppylings!"